THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI. | BENNETT & FITCH, No. 726 Sansom st. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1876. | $2 50 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. | No. 20

BLUE EYES.

Dear little Blue-eyes over the way
Throws me a kiss and a smile each day
Little earth-angel, blithe and gay,
Chasing the shadows of life away;
And I pray the Father, good and wise,
To shield the truth which in her lies.

If the hearts of those we daily meet
Were true as her's across the street,
I fancy our earth an Eden fair,
Not grasping the fruit forbidden there,
But each to the other seeming just,
In truth we work—in God we trust.

The angel who pens the daily life
Of each earth-child in the Book of Life,
Would never sigh while writing there
The records of a world so fair,
For truth would prove an olden test—
He prayeth most who loveth best."

A DREAM

—OF—

SPRING.

Translated from the German of Johannes Van Dewall for the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER I.

There are moments in our existence which impress themselves so vividly upon the memory that we never again forget them; they rise out of the surface of our life, like buoys out of the wide ocean. We need only to close our eyes, to lean back, and those pictures roll down one after the other, a long, fantastic procession. They stand before the mind's eye, a little obscured indeed by the veil of the past, but with bright and shining colors. Once more they come near to us; once more they move mightily our souls, with joy our sorrow according as they were woven into the garland of our life as bright or dark flowers.

And as it happens to us perhaps when we lie on the grass in the evening and gaze up to the sky, so it is here. From the multitude of shining points which look down upon us, some stand out more vividly, as Cassiopeia, Orion, the Great, and the Lesser Bear, Venus. These captivate us powerfully, while the others step back like modest attendants on the stage, then gradually disappear, and our eyes are occupied only with those favorite stars, all the rest being forgotten. So I lie to-day, gazing dreamily back into my past life, allowing old memories to pass before me—dear, precious friends, who smile at me, gliding along, one by one, and slowly fading—all but one.

I close my eyes and am carried back four years. I find myself lying in a narrow, hard bed, with a blue and white checkered cover, in a large, airy hall. From its walls old gentlemen in armor, and *perrukes* adorned with stars, chains, and Marshall's staff, look down steadily at me, out of broad, gilt frames. At the right and left of my couch are long rows of similar iron camp-beds, with covers, from which pale faces and bandaged heads everywhere appear. Over the floor, on which a warm sunbeam plays, glide the hasty, noiseless steps of single shadows and figures; they are young ladies, with smooth white caps and aprons, bringing to the wounded their dinner—good Samaritans, who nurse here, with equal care, friend and foe! Here and there one of these ladies sits down by a sick man, helps him to rise or gives him his food, supporting the helpless, groaning man with the care of a mother for her child; while others offer drinks, arrange bandages, or speak soothing words.

I had slept a little. Alas! slumber was then a rare guest at my couch! The rattling of dishes and spoons, and the noise of steps had awakened me. But I saw everything that passed around me only through a veil, my thoughts had not yet become collected, so weak and broken down was I still by pain and loss of blood.

"Will you not eat your soup, Herr Wagner? Try it, it will do you good," said a familiar voice near me; and, rousing myself fully, I perceived Fraulina Malte, my kind nurse, holding on a small tray some bread, a bowl and a plate, and smiling at me encouragingly out of her friendly brown eyes. I made a rather hasty movement to comply with her invitation, struck my broken arm against the bed, and sank back again on my pillow, with a cry of pain. Instantly Fraulina Malte placed the tray on a chair, bent over me and looked terrified into my face.

"Oh my God!" she cried, "You have hurt yourself! Poor Herr Wagner, you are in great pain!" and from pure sympathy, the bright tears came into the eyes of the good soul. I concealed my pain and even made a weak attempt to smile—but it was only an attempt, for in the next moment the cold perspiration stood on my brow and I fainted.

When I recovered, after a long time, the physician stood at my side, feeling my pulse, while others were busy in arranging my bandages. At the foot of my bed I observed strange faces, an old gentleman with gray hair and thick, black eyebrows—an elderly lady who looked over at me sympathizingly, and behind both the head of a young girl. And while they bandaged me, I, suppressing my pain, continually gazed beyond at the delicate, rosy face, with the large shining eyes which, glistening with tears, were fixed upon me, full of sympathy and anxiety; till at last something like a rose-colored mist sank down over me and my lids closed from exhaustion. But, wonderful to tell, I saw also with closed eyes those two bright points—they seemed to me like softly shining stars, full of promise, in an endless heaven. They smiled at me and I felt no more pain; my heart gradually became so light and cheerful that I wanted to glide gently towards them, and I felt as if I were lying in the embrace of a sweet, precious dream.

"He sleeps—let us leave him so, the danger is past," came to my ear, softly, from a distance, the voice of the doctor. But I did not sleep; I lay in that half-conscious state brought on by loss of blood. I really fell asleep much later.

Four years have since passed, but that picture stands to-day so vividly before my consciousness that I need only close my eyes to see everything again, as I have described it: Fraulein Malte with her friendly smile, the short, stout Weber, the old gentleman, the tall, distinguished, looking lady, and those sweet, fatal eyes between the two.

I was then twenty-five years of age, and had but a short time before passed through my State examination as an architect in Berlin. Then the call to arms came; the war with Austria. In the year 1866, and I was drafted as militia officer to one of the Rhenish infantry regiments.

"The King called and all, all came!"

I obeyed the order promptly and hastened to my company. I fought with the army of the Elbe, under General von Herwarth. At Munchengratz, on the twenty-eighth of July, I went for the first time into battle, and a few days later, at the storming of Problus, a hostile ball shattered my left arm below the elbow. I had strength sufficient to drag myself to a surgeon's tent, then I broke down from pain and exhaustion. Five days later I arrived at Dresden by the railway, and there, in the so-called New-Stadt, went into the Cadetten-haus which had been converted into a hospital. I was for some time in danger of losing my arm, my wound was severe and the long journey had made it much worse. But energetic medical assistance, and a very good constitution helped me through, and fortunately made amputation unnecessary. Yet my recovery progressed but slowly, and with great suffering.

"RABBIT SHOOTING."—DRAWN BY C. KRONER.

About a week after the event described, the doctor came one morning to my bed for his customary visit. He bandaged me, praised the appearance of my wound, and was just about to go, when he suddenly turned round again,

"Yes, indeed, I had almost forgotten the chief thing," said he, in his odd Dresden dialect, and bent down over me, "Should you not like to go into a private house to be nursed, Herr Lieutenant?" he continued, lowering his voice.

"How, Doctor?" I asked, in surprise.

"Well now, hear me; to very kind people. It would be much better for you there in the end, my good fellow. You are just a little weak and nervous, and the noise here, and the number of people, are not just the thing for you. You are able to be moved, God be praised. You would be very comfortable there—very comfortable, indeed. Well, consider it, consider it; good morning!"

With that he tripped away, to bring help to others. After the first surprise, I began to think about the doctor's proposal. We were very well off in the hospital; the nursing was in every respect excellent; nevertheless, in a house where three hundred wounded lie together, although in large halls, there are some inconveniences never entirely removed, which those seriously ill experience but too painfully—the unavoidable noise, the continual association with so many men whose sufferings we must see, whose groans and cries rob us of sleep—even the continual odor of carbolic acid. These form the unfavorable side of all war hospitals, and they effect him who is compelled to bear them very painfully, and without intermission. I considered, therefore, I feared that Fraulina Malte would call me ungrateful if I withdrew from her nursing, and that troubled me. It was painful to me also to become a burden to some family whom I did not know, and who, perhaps, in a generous disposition had offered their care, and, later, had possibly repented. But, as often happens with such reflections in life, chance here decided and turned the scales in favor of the doctor's proposition. A new attendant had been appointed in our hall, who performed his first watching so noisily—he sat, for instance, the whole night through in an arm chair, cutting one stick after another—that I, in despair, determined to go to private care, and therefore spent the rest of the night in asking myself who would receive me and how it would be there.

"Well, sir, how is it?" inquired the doctor, the next morning, "have you thought over the matter?"

"Yes," I answered; "I should have a mind it would be better for me, perhaps—if I only knew, Doctor—"

"What do you wish to know?" he cried, "Where you are to go? I would recommend nothing bad to you, dear Lieutenant, by no means! You shall have it princely—princely! Give me your hand on it!"

I thought of the snoring of my sleepless nights, and the carbolic acid, and said, "Agreed—here is my hand!" With that the affair was settled.

That same afternoon I was carefully packed in a carriage, with my servant and driver, to the Ostra-Allie, to the house of Frau von Ivernois, whose name was on the little note which I received.

This lady had kindly declared herself ready for the reception of a wounded officer. It was a glorious August day when I drove through the streets of the New Stadt to the bridge. Smooth as a mirror lay the broad stream at my feet, in which the towers and palaces of the city, the trees and the ships, were reflected. There was lively motion on the streets, on the bridge, everywhere. One saw gaily attired people, riders, carriages, crowds and traffic, wherever one looked. Whether it was this bright picture, or the fresh, invigorating air which came over the river, I know not, but for the first time after long, painful days, a peculiar sensation passed through my heart—a sweet feeling of sympathy, a newly awakening desire for life; the sky appeared to me more blue, the trees more green, mankind all more joyous and gay than ever before. A strange emotion, rising from my heart to my throat, rushed in powerfully, too powerfully on the poor, mangled cripple. My honest Heinz, my servant, looked sideways at me, his eyes filled with tears, which were only the reflection of those running down my sunken cheeks upon my beard. When I, ashamed, stealthily carried my well hand to my face, Heinz looked at me kindly, and said:

"Never mind, Herr Lieutenant, it will all come right again. Here in the open air you will soon be well."

I was touched; I pressed his hand, nodded at him, and was silent. Now will thou recover, all will be well, echoed also through my soul.

We stopped before a stately house. Heinz got out and rang the bell, while I, sitting in the carriage, viewed my new home. It was an attractive looking building of moderate size, with lofty, bright windows and a balcony. But now the door opened, and an old man, with a friendly, good face, stepped out before the bell could have performed its office. They had, therefore, expected us.

"My lady will rejoice that you have come, Herr Lieutenant," said the porter, advancing to the carriage, and taking off his cap, then he helped me down the steps, took up my small effects and conducted me into the house. "The ladies sit in the garden during the fine weather, but I will immediately inform them," he continued, and then looking compassionately at my arm, he said: "I was once a soldier also, Herr Lieutenant, in the year '12 under the great Emperor." His eyes glanced up brightly under the influence of the old memories and his body became erect; then as if he would retrieve his loss of time, he hastened quickly across the court-yard into the garden. I followed him slowly, as well as my enfeebled body would permit, going through the trellis, then down a shaded path till I heard voices and saw bright garments glimmering through the foliage.

Two female figures advanced rapidly and received me. At the first glance I recognized them. They were the two ladies who had stood by my bed when I recovered from my swoon. The elder greeted me and now the broad straw hat behind her raises itself a little and I see again those soft, shining eyes, of which I have so often dreamed. Before I could stammer my address, Madame von Ivernois extended both hands to me, and welcomed me heartily to her house. Then she wished to conduct me to the room prepared for me, but the sun down here was so delightful that I begged her to allow me to remain a short time. "You cannot imagine, Madame," said I, agitated, "how much good the fresh air and the green trees do one after so long a deprivation," and Madame von Ivernois took my well arm in hers and led me forward down a broad shaded path.

"I hope that you will feel quite at home here, Lieutenant Wagner," she said kindly, and allowed her look to rest sympathizingly on my pale face. "You will recover in peace and quiet from your fatigue and wounds. Oh this frightful war!"

I thanked her warmly for her great kindness. Then we came to an arbor, in which I saw some persons sitting, who rose at our approach.

"Let me introduce you into our little circle," said Madame von Ivernois gaily—"Herr Lieutenant Wagner, from Staatsraethin Schulz, my sister,—my niece Adda, (she was the young lady with the straw hat)—Herr Howard, Secretary of Legation."

I made a bow and sat down in the chair which Fraulein Adda had placed for me. Thus was I introduced into the family which had received me so kindly, and while I answered several questions which they addressed to me, I had time to observe my new surroundings. Madame von Ivernois was a stately, still beautiful woman of some fifty years. On her shrewd face, which was framed in large grey curls, kindness of heart and firm strength of will were equally impressed. Her dress was elegant and in the latest fashion, a sign that the lady still held her person in her esteem, notwithstanding her years. As I learned later, she had been a widow a long time. Her sister, the Staatsraethin was to an observer smaller than Madame von Ivernois, and although she was the younger of the two, her face bore the traces of time more clearly, and her figure was no longer so straight and erect as that of the mistress of the house. Her conversation was lively and desultory. She wore blue spectacles, which concealed the expression of her eyes. Hes face was remarkably delicate and once must have been very lively—now indeed it was a ruin.

The Secretary of Legation had a striking appearance. There was in his blonde, regular countenance, something inflexible and stern, something Puritanical, which seemed as little suited to his age as was his stiff, cold demeanor. For the rest a certain distinguished air was diffused over his whole person, and when he sometimes became animated or smiled, he gained visibly, and might pass for a handsome man. His dress was of faultless elegance and had that decidedly English cut which no artist on the continent knows how to imitate perfectly.

Adda sat opposite me with some small piece of needlework which seemed to demand her whole attention. Seldom did the broad brim of her hat permit to me the full view of her face, only the rosy oval of a prettily formed chin and a heavy tress of blonde hair, shining in the sunlight, appeared below it. Her little hands, which were remarkably delicate and well formed, worked industriously with needle and thread, and her head was bent very low over the strip of linen. Sometimes in the course of the conversation she glanced up hastily and gave me the opportunity to admire her lovely, delicate features, and catch a glimpse of her beaming violet eyes, which shone out under the shadow of her hat. I cannot describe how rejoiced I was after the bloody days of the campaign, after the long weeks in hospital, to look into this lovely, maidenly face, as fresh and fragrant as a half-opened rose bud, which, not the lightest breeze of life seemed yet to have troubled.

Dresden was then in great agitation, not so much on account of the inevitable results of the lost campaign and because the Saxon army was still quartered about Vienna, doubtfully awaiting its more distant fate, but chiefly because there was every reason to fear that it would become a Prussian stronghold. Indeed it then appeared so. Men were employed in throwing up bulwarks on the commanding heights around the town and on the right bank of the Elbe, between the New State and Loschwitz they had already begun to cut away the forest; some hundreds of acres of trees were now cut down, the trunks of which they used for palisades. That beautiful Dresden should be hemmed in by a circle of ugly forts, lay like a mountain-weight upon the citizens. People of all classes talked much upon the subject, sometimes with rage and indignation, sometimes with anxiety and pain. Thus here—I know not how it came—the conversation turned to this matter, and it was naturally very painful to me, a Prussian officer. But the Staatsraethin Schulz turned to me and observing this, quieted me with the words:

"You do not consider us real Saxons, do you, Lieutenant?"

"After your declaration, Madame, certainly not," I answered, quickly.

"No, no," she continued briskly, "we are merely good Prussian friends, even to Mr. Howard of course, he is a diplomatist. These Saxons interest me for quite another reason; my husband will in a few weeks have completed his forty years' term of service and has determined to take his discharge then. We wish to settle and possibly to purchase here in the vicinity of my sister. Now this war causes us a real disappointment, although on the other hand it happens very favorably when we consider that just in consequence of these defences, the price of houses in Dresden will considerably decline and everything will fall in value. I would like to take advantage of it, but we must consider also whether we would on the whole venture to make a permanent residence here in the present circumstances."

"I hope, Madame," I replied, "that this will all pass over and that in a few years the wounds of the war will be healed. I think also decidedly that this is, in a business point of view, the most favorable time to purchase. Should you resolve to carry out your plan, I beg you to accept my services."

"How to accept your services?" interrupted the Staatsraethin, briskly, turning her blue spectacles upon my face.

"I could advise and help you efficiently in the purchase of a house," I answered, with a slight smile at her astonishment. "I am in my civil position a royal architect and that is therefore in my line." I noticed at the same moment that the straw hat raised itself quickly, and Fraulein Adda looked at me almost doubtingly with a naive surprise, which became her quite charmingly.

"You are an architect?" inquired Frau von Ivernois, and at the same time the Staatsraethin went on briskly.

"Ah, Herr Wagner, that happens excellently, I will take you at your word when you can go out again; yes, you have the militia-cross in your cockade."

Now the young diplomatist opened his mouth for the first time and assured me that he was unable to understand how I could be at once an architect and an officer in the regular army; and it cost me no little trouble to solve the riddle for him, for he continually brought up his English military ideas and the "Volunteers."

But at last he had comprehended it. "O very good, very practical!" he repeated slowly and with much emphasis, "what do you say to it, Miss Adda?"

But Miss Adda was again intent upon her work and I did not understand what she whispered without looking up; I believe, however, that as a genuine daughter of Eve, a real officer would have been more agreeable to her than an architect in uniform—so it appeared to me then at least.

"There comes Mr. Blunt," said Madame's von Ivernois suddenly, looking with an expression of pleased surprise towards the entrance. I followed her glance and saw a short gentleman, the same one who had been with Madame at the hospital, coming quickly down the gravel walk with dainty steps. He was followed by a servant, carrying a large parcel wrapped in paper. He was dressed in a short, very foppish, brown velvet jacket and light trousers, wide above, tapering off below to a funnel-shape. His motions were remarkably lively for his years and did not exactly correspond with his gray hair, which formed on the temples a pair of boldly-curled locks *a l'Anglais*. His eye brows thick, high-arched and coal black, contrasted strikingly with the gray hair—I saw later that they were dyed—but the eyes, which were also black and piercing, had retained an extraordinary brightness for those of a man of over sixty years. It was a peculiar face, that of this Mr. Blunt, a striking, indefinite physiognomy, in which a certain quality of forced liveliness and good nature predominated. The upper part of his face had a more English,

the lower a more French character, on account of the turned up mustache *a la* Henri IV; the whole together cosmopolitan and peculiar, like the dress of the gentleman, and all the chains, pins and rings which he wore. In his outward circumstances one could with reason call Mr. Blunt a real cosmopolitan. A native Englishman, he had lived for thirty years alternately in Paris and St. Petersburg, and only in passing through stopped in Germany and especially in Dresden. I learned this afterwards, partly from himself and partly from Madame von Ivernois.

"Ah, *charmant*, ladies," he cried while approaching, using the French language. "I am delighted to see you so bright. I kiss your hands. Permit me to remain in your amiable society a quarter of an hour. Splendid weather to-day? How are you *petite*? How do you do, Howard? Ah, and our *pauvre blessé—comment vous portez-vous?* I am glad to renew your acquaintance, to see you here! Give me your hand, young gentleman, my name is Blunt, uncle Blunt, let us be friends!"

Thus he spoke, tripping from one to another and smiled so that one could see his white teeth shining beneath the dark mustache; but curiously enough, his restless black eyes twinkled constantly here and there, like an *ignis-fatuus*, and smiled not. I observed this and saw also that his attention, without his wishing it to be noticed, was attracted particularly to the young, beautiful girl and the Secretary of Legation at her side, and always turned back to those two. At last Mr. Blunt found rest in a chair near Madame von Ivernois. He had brought two choice, beautiful melons and a real flood of news, which little interested me, at least since it was not of a general nature. Then came the coffee, and after I had smoked the excellent Regalia which Mr. Blunt pressed upon me—by the way, the first cigar in long weeks—I went rather fatigued to my room and to bed. Before my eyes closed this evening, I thanked God from my heart that He had led me to such excellent people.

CHAPTER II.

Nearly a week had passed. I was apparently recovering and my body was regaining its usual strength.

With bandaged arm I walked about my room and was allowed to pass an hour in the open air, if the weather was pleasant. Though I was not kept "princely" as the good Doctor said, I had everything my heart could wish. I occupied a cosy, cheerful room, which opened upon the garden, with a charming view of the villas and heights above Loschwitz. I enjoyed the most careful and affectionate nursing and a hospitality which was almost too opulent. Nearly all day some one of the family or an intimate friend was with me, trying to entertain me and make time pass as pleasantly as possible.

Early in the morning Frau von Ivernois came to ask after my health and to supply me with daily papers and magazines. About two o'clock the Doctor made his appearance usually accompanied by Adda, fresh and lovely as a young rose, in her light morning dress. She brought flowers and chatted with me as with an old acquaintance. Sometimes Mr. Blunt, who called on me frequently for a quarter of an hour, or the Staatsrathin joined her and then our conversation generally turned to the purchase of houses. The Rathin spoke often to me about her husband and the peculiar and trying circumstances in her home, in Russia. She was a native of Germany and the wife of a Russian officer, Senator of the State in Mitau. She could not fully enough describe to me how hard within the last years, had become the position of the Russian State officers who were in sympathy with Germany.

Mr. Howard, too, came frequently to talk with me about the war and politics, or to play a game of chess, in which he was generally beaten.

There was also a sister of Miss Adda at Dresden,—Madame Hine—who was married to a Saxon officer. She was a handsome young woman of about thirty. She, too, came to see me sometimes, and even her husband, though he was a particular and inveterate Prussian-hater, pushed now and then his bald head in at the door, in order to talk politics and give vent to his suppressed anger.

But I was most frequently visited by a young lady — Mademoiselle Marguerite d'Ivernois,—a little French girl from Orleans, the niece of the lady of the house, who was to be educated in a Dresden boarding-school. She had vacations now for half of the time on account of the unsettled times, and gave up the chief part of her leisure hours to me, "*la pauvre blessé*, Mademoiselle Marguerite,—called Margot in her family circle—like the beautiful wife of Henri IV, was the ugliest, the most graceful, the cleverest, and the most talkative girl one can imagine, and with her keen talent of observation and *naïvete*, a real *enfant terrible*. It seemed as if she considered me a kind of large doll, a living plaything; for after the ice of first acquaintance was broken and when she saw that I was pleased with her talk, she took almost entire possession of me. Unfolding her heart, she confided to me most hidden secrets of her boarding-school; but at the same time she demanded imperiously the like open-heartedness on my part, and gave herself not disagreeably the appearance of patronizing me. Of the occurrences in the house, also, she kept me well informed. She loved much her Aunt Laura, (Frau von Ivernois) somewhat less Adda, "*la colombe*," uncle Blunt was ridiculed by her without mercy, she thought him *a vieux comedien*, while Mr. Howard was another laughing-stock. By means of two handkerchiefs with knots at the corners, which she pulled over her fingers, she made the two honorable gentlemen have long conversations with each other, and imitated them with a drollery so ingenious, that I, although naturally quite grave, often laughed till tears came into my eyes, and pleaded mercy for myself and the poor subjects of our merriment.

Indeed, that was a pleasant, happy life I was leading then. Sometimes after dinner I sat down stairs in the arbor, when the sun shone warmly through the foliage, and a refreshing breeze was gently blowing from the river. We were all gathered then so cosily around the garden-table, the whole seemed like a sweet dream, and I wished that it might never end.

Methought the reawaking life so beautiful, light and free from care, every movement so rich in joy. "Ah would that Time had had no wings!"

Another week passed. I was fast advancing to entire recovery and felt like one of the family. I must smile yet, thinking how one after the other came into my room at that time, to entertain me, and how the harmless chat, at first very lightly, but then more frequently and distinctly, turned into a confidential communication about this and that, how one little confession after another escaped, how they asked for my advice and assistance, and how they finally put their trust in me entirely and advanced me to the dignity of a privy counsellor and confessor. I examine myself in the looking-glass, wondering why people are so fond of confiding in me. Is it my good nature and my honest face that tempt them to do so? But be it as it may, my head was whirling with the number of small and large secrets and confessions that were entrusted to me. If one should ask me what in the world there was to confide and confess? my answer would be, "A great many things, old and new stories, cares and wishes in abundance.

The smooth, cheerful current of daily life was flowing over many a shallow and rock in this hospitable house; there were, as indeed everywhere in life, whirlpools and rapids below. Sometimes, even when the sky was entirely clear, the surface was suddenly ruffled and agitated, though one could perceive no apparent cause for it. Often, just in the most beautiful weather, the Initiated could see the clear, calm mirror all at once roaring and storming—alas, still waters are deep. One only had nothing to confide and no advice to ask, but just around this one, who did not notice it in the least, most of the waves and whirlpools were revolving in small and large circles.

Calm and graceful, with a sweet smile on her lips, while no shadow appeared to dim the chances of her poor young soul, Adda passed through life; free from care, as a pretty butterfly, flying in the sunbeam from flower to flower, from one blade of grass to another. Seeing her so lovely and gentle, when one looked in to her large, mild eyes, he might imagine that her kind heart was laid open to him and involuntarily the lips whispered a fervent prayer, "O, would that the trials of life might be spared thee, thou beautiful being, that thy eyes might shine forever as childlike and bright as to-day."

I soon felt how fascinating, how much to be coveted this sweet girl-flower was, and I understood perfectly uncle Blunt's late affection, as well as the cold, but persistent adoration of the attache. But nevertheless this did not prevent me from finding the demeanor of the old gentleman quite absurd and that of Mr. Howard, in plain terms, incomprehensible. The former behaved himself, in my opinion, like an old fool, by affecting the tenderness of youth, and the other wooed without spirit, without ardor.

Neither of them deserves her, they do not know how to appreciate sufficiently such a tender thoughtless heart; it is her beauty, her loveliness that captivates them, her grace and sweetness; yet the most costly pearl, this girl's soul, remains hidden to their dull eyes. That treasure they do not understand how to obtain.

"Who would be the happy, the enviable one—another? Perhaps I, myself?"—folly. I was but a poor cripple, then, with a shattered arm, a young architect, just starting in business, without a great fortune and without a settled position in life, unable to support a wife like Adda. Ah! this flower bloomed not for me. I was allowed to breathe its fragrance. . could enjoy its brightness and delicacy, but another would pluck it and place it in his bosom.

Some one knocked at the door. With your permission it is I.

Bon jour, Monsieur, comment allez vous aujourd'hui?

It was Margot, who pushed her excited little brown face in at the door. Quick as lightning her large grey eyes inspected the whole room; then she skipped forward with three short steps, made a droll curtesy and gave me her hand.

"How do you do, Margot, how are you to-day?" I asked, smilingly.

"Very well," she replied, briskly. "Do you know the latest news, *mon pauvre blessé?*" she continued, in her fidgety way, while holding my hand in hers and without a moment's rest to her body.

I shook my head.

"Not the remotest ideal very natural, not the remotest ideal!" she went on, emphasizing every word somewhat mockingly, and looking quite roguishly at me from under her half-closed eye-lids.

"Not the remotest idea," was her cousin Adda's favorite expression, and that little wasp must always sting. I threatened her with my finger. She seized it hastily and placing herself close to my side, she continued, after a slight glance in the looking-glass opposite her.

"We'll take a trip to Loschwitz today, Monsieur. Start from here in a steamboat, and return in a carriage, *comprenezvous.*"

"Yes, Margot."

"But the principal point is—the principal point *mon ami*, the doctor has consented to your joining us, of course only till dusk, and if you will keep yourselself sufficiently warm he said. Well, how do you like that?"

I smiled, pleasantly surprised.

"I like that very much," was my cheerful reply.

"Are you glad, are you glad, *mon grand bebe?*" and she clapped her hands merrily, while tenderly caressing my cheeks.

Margot was at that time not quite fourteen years of and still a perfect child. Directly afterwards she rubbed with her teeth her forefinger, on which traces of ink were visible, and went on chatting.

"Aunt Staatsrathin wants to look at houses in Loschwitz and counts upon your assistance; they all go with us." With that her arm made a significant gesture through the air. "I too, for there is no school this afternoon, and so I engage you for the whole day as my *chevalier servant.*"

Some one knocked. "Come in!" I called. Frau von Ivernois made her appearance, and behind her the dark eye-brows of uncle Blunt. They came to invite me to join their party to-day, and returned a few minutes later to the garden. Margot made a face behind the uncle's back, drew up her eye-brows, spread out her dress and imitated Mr. Blunt's way of walking in the most striking manner, humming the first stanzas of that well-known French street song:

"Lrot Dagobert,
Met ses culottes a l'envere."

Then she stopped suddenly, ran towards me and drew a chair close to my side.

"*Savez vous une chose bien drole,*" she whispered, fastening her large eyes shrewdly upon me. "Uncle comedian is the protege of my dear aunt; she takes him under her wing. Down there," she pointed with her finger to the garden, "are their opponents and she." The former were the Rathin and Mr. Howard, who passed up and down the long shady garden-path in animated conversation, and she was Adda, who walked among the shrubbery at the other side, cutting flowers for the the vases. The conversation between the two seemed to me remarkably exciting, and to judge by their expression and gestures one could indeed have believed that the flushed little Staatsrathin read the embarassed secretary quite a severe lecture. Now came uncle Blunt through the garden-door, looked about and went straightway to Adda. After they had exchanged some words he drew her arm through his, and they commenced walking down the gravelled path. Observing this, the second couple turned instantly around the corner and disappeared behind the foliage of the bushes. After a while the other couple followed and the path remained empty for some time. But soon Howard and the Rathin reappeared and crossed the grass-plot towards the principal walk; a few minutes later, the two others left the shade of the trees and followed them at a distance.

I cannot remember all the nonsense Margot was talking, while I watched the two couples and their manoeuvers, but suddenly the little thing gently pulled my ear, came close and whispered in a kind of stage-whisper: "Monsieur Wagner, *voila. Faust grande comedei en cinque actes!*"

"Margot!" I exclaimed, indignant and frightened, while the remark perplexed me to such a degree that I had almost slapped her on the face. "You are a malicious girl, Margot," I said, provoked.

"Malicious!" she replied, "pshaw—though I do mock a little, it is so. Besides there is nothing to laugh about; it is rather quite serious. For do you not also feel, that Adda is much too good for those two down there; for that icicle from the fogland, as well as for uncle Saltimbanque with his false teeth and his horrible paint! Bah! when I think of kissing him—*O ciel!*"

I was too excited to make any reply and Margot, for sometime silent, looked with a grave face down into the garden, she seemed to consider. But suddenly she turned around, seized me by the arm and stared with her large eyes into my face.

"Would you not like to have her?" she said in an undertone. "I will give her to you. I am a good child and not at all jealous."

I shook off the little thing, for I felt myself blushing.

"Nonsense, Margot," I said as calmly as possible, and lifted my bandaged arm. "Just now I have to think of quite different matters—that is not for me at present."

"*O mon pauvre blessé,*" she said, caressingly. "*O, mon petit bebe,* I did not think of that. *Mais ca va finir, n'est ce pas,* You will soon be able to use it again."

Then all at once interesting herself, she continued in a confidential whisper: "She aims pretty high; she knows too well how handsome she is, and how fascinating to gentlemen; she wants a very rich husband, that she may have everything—silent waters are deep. O, she is quite cunning to accept the attentions of the two. Mademoiselle is as coquettish as the rest, perhaps even a little more so *c'est convenu.*"

"Be still, Margot, be still," I said, reprovingly.

"You think that I am wrong; but to do wrong and to be wrong are two different things. *Ciel!* how blind men are!"

Involuntarily I burst into a loud laugh, so shrewdly she brought out this remark. She looked at me from head to foot and laughed also, then exclaiming all of a sudden: "*Au revoir, monsieur,* till this afternoon," she made a little graceful curtesy, mockingly threw me a kiss and darted out of the room like a swallow. I was accustomed to her ways, nothing surprised me, but to-day the little witch had given me a great deal to reflect upon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONJURERS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

The disappearance of persons from a closed cabinet, and their immediate reappearance in some wholly unexpected quarter; the tying up of men with ropes in a very stringent and complicated way, and the speedy loosening by some agency neither visible nor easily comprehensible; the raising of a table in the air on the tips of the fingers; the causing of a walking-stick to strut about the stage as if a human hand held it; the floating of a human figure in mid-air; the disappearance of a man from a strongly corded box only just large enough to contain him; the entrance of a man into a box covered with canvas and well corded—all these and many other feats performed by the best of our conjurers either imitate and equal the achievements of spiritualists, or excel them without any imitation at all. How the things are done, it is not here to surmise; any one may guess at pleasure; of course it is not the province of the exhibitor, who lives honestly by an exercise of his practice, patience, and skill, to tell us which of our guesses are right and which wrong. Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's performances at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the chief of the kind that have been witnessed in England in recent years, are especially rich in these puzzlements; one guess upsets another, and the real clue can rarely be detected. But all is honestly represented as being what it really is—conjuring, or more majestically expressed, experiments based on the known properties of matter and the known principles of science, without any appeal to spiritual or supernatural influences. It is a great blot upon spiritualistic performances, even if all else were trustworthy, that so many of them are carried on in the dark, or in a light so dim that a spectator cannot rely on the accuracy of his vision. Why cannot the "spirits" honestly come out into broad daylight? Why use a dark closet for the rope-trick (originally an invention by the spiritualists) instead of a lighted stage? If flowers can be made to grow at the command of a "spirit," why not by full daylight and on an open table? If guitars are played by invisible fingers under a table, or people's legs pinched by a tricky spirit under the shield of an overhanging table-cover, why not openly with full daylight pouring in at the windows? Let the honest spiritualists separate themselves from the crafty and fraudulent by doing in open day (if they can) what the latter only do in darkness or semi-darkness.

We have spoken above of "the floating of a human figure in mid-air." This, we may here add, forms a part of Mr. Maskelyne's display of wonders. The exhibitors speak positively of "Mr. Maskelyne's undoubted ascent into the tropical heat of the dome (presumably the arched ceiling of the exhibition-room), and descent therefrom." The room is so much darkened, admitting only a narrow belt of very bright light, that spectators are not certain of much more than that *something* floats above their heads; whether that something is substantial or optical, reflected image of Mr. Maskelyne, or the veritable man himself; and, if the latter, how he gets there—are knotty questions. Mr. Pepper's Ghost ingenuities have shown what extraordinary results may be obtained by a combination of reflected and transmitted light.

In the exhibitions of celebrated automata—such as M. Camus's miniature coach, Vaucanson's flute-player, and Maelzel's trumpeter, there was no pretence; even Vaucanson's duck which dabbled in the water, swam, drank, quacked, made the peculiar movements of a duck, raised and moved its wings, dressed its feathers with its bill, extended its neck, took barley from the hand, swallowed it, made the proper movements of the muscles of neck while so doing, and (apparently) digested the food, was, like other automata, honestly put forward as a specimen of exquisite mechanism capable of imitating the movements of an organised being. No nonsense about unseen intelligences or spirit mediums; no necessity for doing in semi-darkness that which was well accomplished in full light. The same may be said of *speaking-machines*, a few examples of which have been witnessed and heard in England. The elaboration of pipes, vibrating tongues, valves, keys, &c, was considerable; but there was no concealment of the fact that a human performer was concerned the whole of the time, pressing down finger-keys or studs which put the sound producing mechanism into action. The thing was admired for its real merits, without a halo of falsity to enhance its attractions. As to the *Automaton Chess-player*, once so famous, and still occasionally imitated, it was something of a cheat; for a man was concealed within the apparatus, the wheel-work being a mere blind.

And now we come to Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's Automaton Whist-player, rejoicing in the name of *Psycho*; which for a year or two has been an insoluble puzzle to Londoners and visitors to London. If thinking be necessary in any game, it is assuredly necessary in whist; and Psycho meets fairly good players on equal terms. If mechanism does not think, and if no 'spirits' guide the movements of Psycho, there must be a human confederate; and this question of confederacy is as great a mystery as anything else. What we are told of the origin of Psycho is as follows. Mr. John Algernon Clarke had long meditated on a scheme for the construction of a machine for playing at cards; he communicated his idea in 1873 to Mr. Maskelyne, whose practical acquaintance with watch and clock mechanism had made him well familiar with the action of wheel-work, &c. Two years were spent in elaborating the details; and early in 1875 Psycho was added to the list of amusing wonders exhibited by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke in the metropolis.

The Psycho arrangement is as follows: A figure, considerably less than adult size, and dressed in oriental garb, sits cross-legged on an oblong box about two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and fifteen high. The crown of the head reaches about two feet and a half above the box on which the figure is seated. The box and figure together, are quite portable, detached from everything else, and carried about with ease. On the stage or floor of the room is placed (not as a fixture) a low broad stool; on this is placed, upright, a hollow glass cylinder about eighteen inches high by ten in diameter; and on the cylinder is placed the box supporting Psycho. The stool, cylinder, and bottom of the box are turned up and about, and shown separately to the audience before the performance begins; while small windows in the side of the box and figure give a peep into the inside. There is no doubt that the smallest of Tom Thumbs would fail to find sitting or or crouching room within; and on all sides the idea is giving up that there is any living person within the machine; a repetition of the trick of Kempelen's "automaton" chess-player—in the interior of which, as we have said, was concealed a human being—certainly does not occur here, whatever may be the nature of the real mystery. The box and figure are free from contact with anything behind, such as a scene or a screen, as any of the spectators may approach and walk round them. They are free from overhead connection, as a stick is passed horizontally over the head of Psycho. They are free from side connections, as the audience can see clearly past the right and left sides of them. Lastly, they are free from connection with the floor underneath, except the medium of the transparent glass cylinder on which the box rests, and which is open at both ends. Rarely has an exhibited figure made so near an approach to complete isolation as this. Psycho's right arm, in an sleeve of oriental cut, has a power both of vertical and horizontal motion.

Next for the stage arrangements connected with the playing of a game of whist. A table is placed somewhat in front, but on one side of Psycho, with chairs for three persons. Three visitors are invited to come upon the stage. There is every reason to believe that collusion has no place here; whether the persons are known to one another, or to Mr. Maskelyne, or are strangers who happen to be present on that occasion, the proceeding are just the same, the only condition being that all three shall have a fair knowledge of whist. An open space of five or six feet is left between Psycho and the table, and Mr. Maskelyne is generally somewhere within this space. A pack of cards is placed on the table, and the players cut for partners, Mr. Maskelyne cutting as deputy for Psycho. The three players sit down, Psycho's partner opposite to him, and two of them cut for deal. The cards are then shuffled, finally cut, and dealt, just as in ordinary whist-play. Mr. Maskelyne takes (backs uppermost) Psycho's thirteen cards, and inserts them one by one in a quadrantal rack or frame in front of the figure; the bottom edge of each card being held in a groove, the rest of the card standing up freely, with its face towards Psycho. The play begins. Mr. Maskelyne announces audibly the name of the card put down by by each player. When it is Psycho's turn to play, the figure raises its right arm, and passes the hand gently along the tops of the cards; the hand stops over some one particular card, the finger and thumb clasp it, pull it out of the rack, and Psycho holds up the face of the card towards the audience. During this time Mr. Maskelyne is at least a yard distant, and does not touch any part of the figure, the box, the glass cylinder, or the supporting stool. The length of the sweep of Psycho's arm depends on the position of the cards in the rack; for the best card to play at any particular moment may be the first in the rack, or the thirteenth, or any intermediate position. Psycho *appears* to look at his several cards each time, and to pick out that which may be most advantageously played; real mental deliberation is as nearly imitated as it can well be. Mr. Maskelyne approaches, takes the selected card from Psycho's hand, and throws it down on the table as part of a trick—won by Psycho and his partner, or against them, as the case may be. Thus the game proceeds, trick after trick. Mr. Maskelyne announces audibly the names of the fifty-two cards played; but he never *tells* Psycho (so far as we know) what card to play. Psycho's partner arranges the tricks which these two have won. Only one deal is played at each exhibition; it sometimes scores most for Psycho and his partner sometimes for their antagonists, according as the cards happen to lie, or as the players are equal or unequal in skill.

Now, how is all this accomplished? A search at the Patent Office tells us that the preliminary steps for a patent were taken by Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Clarke last year. The patent is for "Improved Means for Actuating Automatic Mechanism." The specification speaks of condensed air, rarefied air, a pedestal reservoir, valves, a piston, a coiled spring or weight, a fly-wheel, a fan-blast, and bellows, within an automaton figure. But the description, unaccompanied by any diagram, is difficult to make out; and no hint is given as to whether it applies at all Psycho. We are not to forget that there have been such things known as patents taken out as a mere blind, to throw an inquisitive public on the wrong scent.

Spectators are left to guess as they may. If Mr. Maskelyne presses his foot on a lever or spring, it certainly cannot be detected. If an assistant can see Psycho's cards, where he is placed is a puzzle. Whether the words uttered audibly by Mr. Maskelyne contain instructions or advice as to what card shall be played by Psycho, we do not know; it is possible, but probabilities go against it.

Professor William Pole, F. R. S., who is known to be skilled both in mechanism and in card-play, has gone at some length into speculations concerning the philosophy of Psycho. He states that the figure can play picquet, ecarte, cribbage, and other card-games just as well as whist. He has given all the details of a game—or at least one hand of a game—which he witnessed, and which was well contested on both sides; Psycho scored two by cards and two by honors. Professor Pole passes in review, one by one, various speculations as to the mode in which the automaton has actuated. He gives up all idea of a living being concealed within the mechanism. He equally dismisses any belief in connecting-wires proceeding from the figure to a confederate; the isolation seems too complete for this. He discusses the agency of magnetism and the agency of heat, but without giving a verdict in favor of either of them; and takes refuge at last in pneumatics. He conceives that an air-passage may exist in one of the legs of the stool, placed over a small invisible hole in the stage; the air-passage extending up through the glass cylinder, the box, and the figure. An air-pump, under or behind the stage, could either condense or rarefy the air in the apparatus. If the bottom of the box, resting on the open end of the cylinder, consists of an elastic diaphragm, this would bulge slightly up or down according as the air beneath it were condensed or were rarefied. It is within the grasp of delicate mechanism to make this bulging act as a moving force, which through the medium of valves, levels, &c., might set in action the arm, hand, and fingers of the figure. Possibly compressed air may produce the horizontal movements of the arm, and rarefied air the vertical. All this is or may be scientific and mechanical; but Professor Pole frankly professes his inability to see in what way human intelligence is concerned. If Mr. Mr. Maskeline knows all the cards in Psycho's hand, and signals which to play on each occasion, he is virtually the player of that hand; but if he does not possess this knowledge, nor give those signals, then a confederate is the real player, relying on a knowledge of Psycho's cards obtained we know not how.

The great authority on whist, "Cavendish" (an assumed name), has played with the figure as partner, and bears witness to the skill with which Psycho's hand is played. Professor Pole, while witnessing a game in which he himself did not play, says: "I confess that to me, standing beside this little wooden doll, apparently isolated from any human agency, and seeing it not only imitate human motions, but exert human intelligence and skill, the effect seemed weird and uncanny; and I could hardly wonder at the spiritualists, who seriously conjectured that Psycho may be one of the manifestations comprised in their own Psychological creed." Those who have gone most fully into the subject believe that, if they knew the real method of operation, they would admire the scientific skill quite as much as they now admire the well-concealed mystery.

The other feats of Psycho need not be described. Once admit that human agency can make him play a hand at whist, and we may well believe that he can perform sums in arithmetic, spell words in "spelling-bee" fashion, guess the cards chosen by persons among the audience, imitate handwriting, &c. Ordinary conjuring, *plus* the Psycho mechanism, will produce these results.

We are, we think, justified in saying emphatically, that scientific men and mechanical constructors, by the exercise of well-trained intelligence, can produce results fully as marvellous as any recorded of spiritualism, and more marvellous as any regarded as really well authenticated. There is skill shown in (so called) spirit photography, but it is skill applied to an improper purpose; and the same may be said of many other money-making exhibitions in which "mediums" are concerned.

One word more. It is no heresy against science to suppose that there may be physical forces or natural laws which are not yet sufficiently known, to occupy a place in definite treatises; nay, scientific men are the very persons most likely to admit such probability. But it is a very different affair when knavish exhibitors hoodwink and defraud the public by concocted "manifestations." It is also a very different affair when honest but credulous persons, witnessing something that really is worthy of investigation, allow themselves to be led into "spiritualistic" theories of such a nature as to depart from science altogether.

AUNT DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were ill, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say: "It's such a comfort so see you, Aunt Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are so lively!" Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs: "Perhaps it's the last time I shall ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better, but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and everyone saying how much better she was, and all of a sudden she was taken ill with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. Jemima is young to bring the baby up by hand. But you must be careful, and not get anxious and excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the balcony in a clothes-basket.

Gracious goodness, what's the matter! I dare say Providence 'll take care of him. Don't look so. You thought Bridget was watching them? Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked at me like a burglar. No doubt she'll let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for a few dollars. Now don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple at that age! It might be all, and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them, though; *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And many don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear! dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the town, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia! I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

A PROFUSION of civility is almost as objectionable as a scant measure of it. The one belongs to the manners of a dancing-master, the other to those of a clown.

INTELLIGENCE OF INSECTS.

Some years ago when living in a lonely way (says a naturalist) I took pains to cultivate the acquaintance of a remarkably well-developed spider who had formed a beautiful symmetrical web in one corner of my room. In order to propitiate his favor, I fed him with such food as I thought best adapted to his taste; and after a while he seemed to rely upon me entirely for his supplies, relapsing, as human beings often do under similar circumstances, into a luxurious ease and inactivity. One morning, by way of testing his temper, I threw a small piece of wet tobacco into his web. He, supposing it to be his usual morning fly, rushes towards the tobacco with hungry avidity, and instantly ran away to a remote corner of his premises with still greater velocity. I was aware that the presence of such a nauseous substance as this in his domicile would be very offensive, and I also knew that he would not venture so near a second time as would be necessary in order to remove the article; and my curiosity was excited to see what course he would pursue. After a while he crawled to the upper part of his web, and shook it with all his might, but was unsuccessful in dislodging the offending substance. He then returned to the accustomed place in the centre of the web, and for a few minutes appeared to be thinking the matter over. At last he stepped out with an air of confidence that satisfied me he had hit upon something, although I was unable to conjecture what it would be. True enough, he had solved the problem; and accordingly he went to work at once to saw away a circle around the tobacco, some two or three inches in diameter, until the whole concern fell out together, after which he repaired the damage, and all was right again. I think, however, that from this time my spider friend never gave me his confidence.

SECOND-HAND SHAWLS.

Celia Logan writes from New York: Shawls, as usual, appear in quantities at the fall of the leaf. At one of the best known dry goods establishments in this city, the display of camels-hair shawls is of extraordinary magnificence. One ("show") shawl, price five thousand dollars, is kept under a large glass case. This house of late has made a great reduction in the price of real camels-hair shawls, thereby bringing them more into vogue than they have been for years. Now, as the price of these articles never changes, I was curious to learn what could cause the reduction. It arises from hard times. So many people have fallen from affluence to poverty that, ladies who possess a camels-hair shawl, instead of pawning it for a mere nothing, with a good chance of losing it, prefer, in their need, to sell it outright, and the great dry goods store above-mentioned will buy old shawls at a fair price. And what do you think an establishment which only sells *new* goods can do with second-hand shawls of all things in the world? Why, pick them apart, throw aside the bad parts, save the good, sew them together, and make a new imported real camel's hair shawl. About forty women are engaged in this business alone in that one store, under the direction of a most expert forewoman, who embroider on the shawls that strange bit of embroidery in one corner, which is supposed to render the genuineness of the shawl beyond question. It is the camel's own signature, age and birthplace, and well may the real beast proudly exclaim, "There's cheating in all trades but ours."

ADVICE.

A young gentleman who is about to perpetrate an imprudent marriage generally thinks it right to fortify himself by the opinions of at least a few of his intimate friends; and the advice is generally taken and given without any perceptible smile appearing on the countenances of the parties of the conference. Whenever an aspirant to poetical honors is about to plunge into print, he becomes a nuisance to every acquaintance who is supposed to be capable of counting the number of feet in a verse; and, judging from the quantity of the material annually produced, it follows that the judgment of these critics, in spite of themselves, must either be lenient to the verge of idiocy, or that it must be singularly insincere; or finally, which is probably the closest approximation to the truth, that it never produces any effect whatever.

THE CHARMER.

Let the wife only understand and have faith in her true position—that of woman, "the helper"—and she needs neither great gifts, nor an expansive mind, nor extraordinary beauty, to be always charming to her husband, and while she walks by his side to "fill all the stops with music." In being literally his "helpmeet," she becomes the beautifier and healer of his life. If the vine about the oak tree be truly her emblem, it is because she binds together the broken boughs, and drapes with verdurous loveliness the withered branches.

TRUE POETRY.—Poetry, were it the rudest, so it be sincere, is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious, the utmost he can do for that end: it springs, therefore, from his whole feelings, opinions, activity, and takes its character from these. It may be called the music of his whole manner of being, and historically considered, is the best test of how far music or freedom existed therein; how far the feeling of love, of beauty, and dignity could be elicited from that peculiar situation of his, and from the views he there had of life and nature, of the universe, internal and external.

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Perception of beauty is one of the most decided characteristics by which man is distinguished from the brute. We discover no symptoms of admiration in animals of a lower grade than ourselves. The peacock excites no deference from the splendor of his plumage, nor the swan from her snow-white feathers; and the verdant fields, in their summer bloom, attract no more than as their flowery sweets allure the insect tribe, who in their turn are followed by their foes. To man alone belongs the prerogative of appreciating beauty, because admiration is graciously designed as the means of leading him on to moral excellence.

THOSE WE LOVE.—At all times, in this wintry life, the presence of those we love is like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds, lighting up one particular spot amid the shadows, and giving warmth, and lustre, and loveliness to all beneath the ray. That passing gleam still seems brighter than the full sunshine.

THE real gentleman never intrudes upon others his finer sense of politeness; indeed, his great charm and test of his perfect manhood is that he assumes nothing.

LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

Beautiful maidens—aye, nature's fair queens,
Home is your throne and home is your scene,
Seeking accomplishments worthy your aim,
Striving for learning, thirsting for fame;
Taking such pains with the style of your hair,
Keeping your lily complexions so fair;
Must not this care in all your gay lives,
Learn to keep house, you may one day be wives.
Learn to keep house.

Now your Adonis loves sweet moonlight walks,
Hand clasps, and kisses, and nice little talks;
Then, as plain Charlie, with his burden of care,
He must subsist on more nourishing fare;
He will come home at the end of the sun,
Heart-sick and weary, his working day done,
Thence let his slippered feet ne'er wish to roam,
Learn to keep house that you may keep home.
Learn to keep house.

First in his eyes will be children and wife,
Joy of his joy and life of his life,
Next to his bright dwelling his table, his meals,
Shrink not at what my pen trembling reveals.
Maidens romantic, their truth must be told,
Knowledge is better than silver and gold;
Then be prepared in the spring-time of health,
Learn to keep house tho' surrounded by wealth.
Learn to keep house.

CINDERELLA.

CHAPTER I.

KITCHEN DIDDERIOT AT MILTHORP.

How very many adventurous spirits went out to Australia during the prevalence of the gold fever some twenty, or more, years ago, and went out to die, will never be disclosed.

Amidst others who went out, was one Philip Gay. A sanguine, hopeful young man, who thought that while it might take the best part of a life-time to make a fortune at civil engineering, he should pick up one in a year or two at the gold diggings. How full of hope he was when he sailed with some four or five other young men who made up his party, some of his acquaintances remember yet. He left his wife at home with her young baby; his wife who was just as full of hopeful visions as he was.

Of that party, Philip Gay was the first to die. His wife, stricken with the news, led a sort of half dead, half alive existence for a year or two, and then followed him to the unknown land that is at once so much nearer than that one of the gold mines, and so much farther off. The baby-girl alone was left, the little Lucinda.

The child was not utterly destitute. A few hundred pounds remained to her, and one relative. This was Mrs. Munro, whose late husband, for she was a young widow also, had been Mrs. Gay's brother. Mrs. Munro was not left particularly well off herself; at any rate, her income was not large, and she had to be careful. Of course, being a provident and calculating lady, Mrs. Munro could not be expected to burden herself with the little orphan, Lucinda, and take her home to her own two daughters; she said to herself, and her friends agreed with her. So the little child was sent to a plain school to be brought up in a plain manner; to defray the cost of which the few hundred pounds had to be trenched upon.

"The money must be made go as far as it will," said Mrs. Munro, and then we shall see."

Lucinda was seventeen when the last pound came to an end, and she was sent home to Mrs. Munro.

"And what on earth's to be done with her I can't tell," observed Mrs. Munro to her daughters, Elizabeth and Laura. "We must keep her here for a little while, just to see what she's made of and what she's fit for, and then get her a situation of some kind."

"You can make her useful while she stays here," observed Elizabeth, who was three-and-twenty years of age, and very practical.

A particularly welcome suggestion indeed to Mrs. Munro. She was no better off than some of her neighbors in the matter of domestics. She professed to keep two, a cook and a housemaid; but whether she was a bad manager and mistress, or whether she had the ill-luck to get a succession of bad servants, certain it was that the domestic department was generally in a state of ferment. The said servants were changed continually; sometimes there would be two; sometimes only one, sometimes none; and the result was much dissatisfaction and discomfort. The two young ladies, fashionably educated, bristling to the fingers' ends with accomplishments, could not be expected to look after brooms and brushes, plates and dishes; and Mrs. Munro was often at her wits' ends, and could not imagine what the world was coming to.

Lucinda Gay arrived at Milthorp Lodge—as their pretty home was named. It stood very close to the little town of Milthorp; ten minutes' walk from it. A gentle, timid, graceful girl of seventeen, with a fair, delicate, placid face, bright hair, and a steadfast look in the large grey eyes.

"Dear, dear! the very eyes of your poor father, my dear!" sighed Mrs. Munro, who in the main was not by any means bad-hearted; and would not have been short-tempered but for her domestic trials. "You get more and more like him, child. Kiss your cousin, girls."

Elizabeth and Laura did as they were told, and kissed Lucinda. They were both good-looking, showy young women.

Well, not to make a short story long, Lucinda Gay's abode at Milthorp Lodge grew into a permanency. Little by little, also, the work grew upon her. From having at first been required to help only in light duties, she found herself at last to all intents and purposes a servant, kept from morning till night at hard work. This was the effect of a necessity, more than of actual wish or intention on Mrs. Munroe's part. The servants got worse and worse, each succeeding one that came in turned out to be more incapable than her predecessor; and who was there but Lucinda to fall back upon? By the time the girl had been there a few months, she seemed to have settled down to this hopeless life of slaving in the kitchen and waiting upon others. Elizabeth and Laura playfully called her Cinderella; when in a very good humor with her, Cindy.

Once, and once only, the girl remonstrated with Mrs. Munro. "I don't like the life, aunt," she said. "I never expected to have to do such things. Don't you think you could let me go out somewhere?"

"What to do?" asked Mrs. Munro. "As servant?"

"Oh no,"—blushing painfully—"not as servant."

"But you could not be a governess. You have no accomplishments."

"I fancy sometimes that I could make money by my drawings aunt. No one in the school could draw as I did."

"Draw! school!" repeated Mrs. Munro. "You did not learn drawing at school. You did not learn any superfluous thing of that kind that had to be paid for."

"Yes, I did. It happened in this way, aunt. I used to copy the girls' drawings out of school; it was all my pastime; and one day the master saw some that I had done, and he asked to speak to me. Then he told Mrs. Chestnut I had so decided a talent for the art he would like to give me lessons for nothing, that I might do him credit. After that I always went in with the rest. Do you know what he said when I left, aunt?"

"What did he say?"

"That I might rise to have a name in the world of art if I practised diligently."

"And how in the world would you live while you practised it, Cindy?" demanded Mrs. Munro.

Cindy looked distressed.

"My dear, don't you be ungrateful. Remember your poor father. He took up flighty notions and schemes—and he paid for it with his life. For goodness' sake don't you turn flighty, Cindy, and follow his example."

The tears gathered in Lucinda's eyes, and she said no more. Like all people who have a good and tender heart, ingratitude appeared to her to be one of the very worst of sins.

So from that day she settled down to her lot, resigned outwardly if not inwardly. All the spare moments she could snatch from her duties, were spent in her room, drawing in private. Elizabeth and Laura wet out to fetes and dances and entertainments. Poor Lucinda was never asked to go with them; she had no toilette for it; and if at times a longing for a little change came over her spirit, a sense of neglect that somehow did not seem right, she shut herself in with her paper and pencils and forgot the slight.

And thus things went on for about a twelvemonth from the time of the girl's first arrival at Milthorp. Day by day she seemed to be separated more and more from her cousins; between her condition and theirs a greater and greater barrier grew. Lucinda would sometimes ask herself whether things were to go on thus for ever.

CHAPTER II.

MAKING THE MOST OF BEAUTY.

It had been a long, hot, July day. The sun had gone down in a blaze of glory; a soft purple haze lay low in the valleys. All the doors and windows of Milthorp Lodge were thrown open to catch the grateful cool of the evening. In the large old-fashioned porch sat Elizabeth with a book; Laura lay back on the sofa indoors, fanning herself languidly.

Cindy, in the kitchen, had just finished washing up and putting away the tea-things. Just now they enjoyed the services of a particularly incapable help-mate who impeded work, rather than did it; and all the labor fell on Cindy. For many months now Mrs. Munro had not attempted to keep more than one servant: her niece filled the place of the second.

Cindy took off her large apron, went out of doors, and ventured to seat herself on a garden bench under the wall behind the porch. She possessed this one peculiarity—though they did call her Cinderella, that she was always nice and neat. Her dresses were of the cheapest materials—cottons, thin stuffs; but somehow she kept them fresh and well. Not a spot was on her naturally delicate hands this evening as she sat down; not a hair out of place on her pretty head.

The small iron gate, hidden by the trees and shrubbery, was heard to open and footsteps to approach, and the postman came into view, with his bundle of letters.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Munro, seeing him from the window. "What can the man be coming here so late for? Postman," she added, walking forth to the porch, "what brings you here at this time of night?"

"An accident to a goods train which blocked up the line ma'am," replied the man as he detached a letter from his bundle and handed it to her. "It has delayed the delivery several hours."

She sat down at the entrance of the porch nearest the light, put on her spectacles, and opened her letter. It appeared to be rather a short one, and Mrs. Munro read it twice over.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say about it!" she exclaimed, in self-soliloquy. "I should like it well enough, but—I hardly know."

Elizabeth Munro, apathetical as usual, went on reading, showing no curiosity. Laura came out, twirling her fan.

"Who is your letter from, mamma?"

"Why, from Emma Allardeen. She says her brother wants a spell of country air, after his recent illness, and she was so happy here during her week's visit to us two years ago, that she ventures to hope we will receive him. And here's a little twisted note inside from himself, asking if I will be bothered with him for a month or two."

"I should let him come," observed Laura—who had a faint recollection of an exceedingly good-looking and attractive man in young Allardeen, and was ever open to the prospect of a flirtation.

"But think of the trouble!" cried Elizabeth, too strong-minded to have latent views of lovers. "It would be quite a restraint to have to entertain a sick man for two months!"

"I don't suppose he is ill now, Lizzie," observed her mother. "What *I* think of, girls, is the extra work it would entail. And of all wretched, incapable creatures, that Susan who is with us now is the worst!"

"Stuff!" said Laura, slightingly. "There's Cinderella."

"What do you think, Cindy, dear?" cried Mrs. Munro, in a soft, coaxing tone. "Would you mind a little more trouble for a short while? What is the matter, Lucinda?"

The young girl had her speaking face turned to them, all eagerness and excitement.

"Is it William Allardeen the painter, aunt, that you are speaking of?"

"To be sure it is, child."

"Oh, but he is a great man; a true artist. I went to see one or two of his paintings once; they were in a collection of pictures that was being exhibited. The school all went. Aunt Munro, I would not mind what work I did for him; I'd never think of the trouble."

"That's all right, Cindy: I thought you'd be reasonable. Girls, I shall write my answer to-night, and tell him to come."

And in the course of a few days she did come, this William Allardeen. A handsome, manly-looking fellow, in spite of his recent illness, of some thirty years. Well-born and well-bred, he had some blue blood in his veins. And he had something better—a good honest heart.

He was not an amateur—he painted for money. Perhaps it would be better to say he painted for love—love of the art—and sold his pictures afterwards. Being entirely independent as to fortune, he could afford time to do good work, and to do it well. Full of all beautiful enthusiasms, with an eye that was quick to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to feel whatever was best worth seeing and hearing and feeling, was it any wonder that he was sweet-tempered and charming, and that he brought into the house a glow brighter than that of the summer sunshine?

Was it strange that, ere he had been at Milthorp Lodge a week, there should be fluttering in the dove-cote?

Laura Munro was beautiful, and she knew it, and meant to make the most of it. Beautiful with mere physical beauty—the beauty of roundness and coloring, of pink and white skin, blue eyes and golden hair. She was not going to marry a small Milthorp landowner, to superintend his dairy, attend to her own babies, vegetate within the prosy doors of her dull home from the first of January to the thirty-first of December, and have a new silk gown once a year—not she! She was waiting for the prince to come and array her in satins and laces and jewels. But she was not so foolish as to say this, even in whispers; and to all appearance she was sweet simplicity itself, guileless and unsophisticated as a child. For she thought the prince had come in the guise of William Allardeen.

As for Cindy; we have seen what her ambition was—to become an artist. Not that the ambition had taken any very tangible form as yet. Fortune had given this girl, who had never seen more than two or three really fine pictures in her life; whose knowledge of the miracles of art was confined to a few engravings and photographs, an instinctive love of form and color, and a burning eagerness to reproduce them. The creative instinct was strong within her. She drew at first, as the birds sing, from pure love, with no thought of what might come of it. Up stairs in her own room there was one bureau drawer filled with pieces. Cardboard, drawing-paper, and what not, were covered with pencilings, outlines—hints of the glowing life of the girl's heart and brain. There were crude attempts at color, too: here a flower, there a spray of grasses; now a child's face, and then a bird with folded wings. There were glimpses of sunset skies; and there was one stretch of blue sea, with a lone ship fading in the distance.

The coming of Mr. Allardeen to the house was a great event for this inexperienced girl. How good-looking he was! how noble! and what a pleasant expression sat on his face! As yet Lucinda had not spoken to him. On account of Susan's incapacity, she had to cook a great part of the dinner herself, send in the breakfast and the lunch—and, of course, as Mrs. Munro said to her, she could not be dressed to sit down with them. "My little niece, who is here to help the servants," Mrs. Munro carelessly said to her guest one day, when Cindy was seen in the garden picking gooseberries for dessert. "You knew, when you were a boy, that poor mistaken Philip Gay, who threw up his business to go out after gold, and died. That's his daughter. She has not a farthing in the world, and I give her a home."

"Philip Gay!" repeated Mr. Allardeen. "What a nice fellow he was! I remember him well, and his kindness to me. One day I had been wicked and played truant from school, and he saved me from punishment."

That was all that was said. The young ladies were too fond of taking up Mr. Allardeen's attention themselves to allow him time to waste it on Cindy.

One day Laura came running in with a pretty affectation of simplicity.

"Oh, Mr. Allardeen," she said, clasping her hands, "if you would only teach me how to draw! I have wanted to learn all my life. That which the stupid people teach us here is not to be called drawing. You should see my ridiculous efforts. Maybe," she went on, naively, dropping her eyelids till the long lashes swept her cheeks, "maybe I could appreciate your work better if I should try my hand at it as you could teach me, and learn some of its difficulties."

Mr. Allardeen laughed outright. The very simplicity of the request amused him. Genuine to the backbone himself, he never could suspect artfulness in others.

"Very well, Miss Laura. It is a bargain. In return, you shall be my guide to all that is beautiful and picturesque in this wild region."

"Oh, thank you," she cried. "I have been longing to show you some lovely scenery ever since you came, but feared you would think me intrusive if I offered. There is a beautiful spot a mile off, called the Sunset Beacon: if you like, Mr. Allardeen, we will go there this evening."

Poor Cindy! For the first time in her life she felt envy: she envied Elizabeth and Laura. This new hero of theirs was no less a hero to her. As for loving him, she would as soon have thought of loving a star, or the sun itself, so far did he seem removed from her. But this man was the embodiment of all her dreams. He did with easy, careless grace—the ease and grace of a god, it seemed to her—the very things that she longed to do. He conceived and executed those magnificent pictures that the world talked of and gazed at. He lived in the ideal life that she longed for and dreamt of. It was hard to be making tarts for dinner, while Laura, in the prettiest of morning dresses, wandered over the hills, or sought out fairy nooks with her new drawing-master.

One day Lucinda was bending over the stewpan on the fire, stirring a custard slowly round, and trying to recall the blithe content of her school-days, when Mr. Allardeen passed outside the open window, and glanced in. He stood in the shadow of the climbing honeysuckle, that made the window like a lovely picture in a green frame. Lucinda's cheeks were flushed, her hair lay back from her forehead, in her soft grey eyes there sat a troubled light, and she seemed thoroughly uncomfortable.

"It is very warm to-day, Miss Cinderella."

Cinderella! Even he, then, recognised her low position, and could give her no better name than this mocking one. The flush on her cheeks deepened to crimson; her eyelids were lowered to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Yes, it is," she humbly assented.

"What a shame!" he thought; as his quick eye took note of everything, and the young girl's tired face. "Do you like doing all this, Miss Cinderella?"

"I have to do it," she quietly said. "There's no one else."

"Where's Susan? I should think she might be over that hot fire, instead of you."

"Susan's in the back garden, picking the peas for dinner. My aunt tried to teach her to cook, but Susan could not learn. I caught it up, directly," she said.

"And therefore you have to do it. I wish you could come into the garden and sit in those shady glades instead. That would be better, would it not, Miss Cinderella?"

"Oh, yes. But"—his tone was so unmistakably kind, so sympathizing, that she took courage to finish the sentence she had begun—"why do you call me Cinderella?"

Mr. Allardeen paused in surprise. "Is not Cinderella your name?"

She lifted the stewpan off the fire, for the custard was completed, and turned her tearful eyes on him, shaking her head.

"Your aunt and cousins call you Cinderella and—and Cindy. I never supposed it was not your name."

"As I am here amidst the cooking and the saucepans they call me so. My name is Lucinda."

"What an *awful* shame!" thought Mr. Allardeen again. "And what beautiful eyes!—just like poor Gay's. I remember his."

"Well, you must pardon me for the error I fell into, Miss Lucinda. I am very sorry."

"It would not have mattered. Only I—I thought you did it to mock me."

"Mock you! No, I should certainly not do that. I hope I should not mock anyone, least of all you. Do you know that I was well acquainted with your father?"

"Oh, were you?" she answered, her eyes smiling brightly through her wet eyelashes. "If he had but lived!"

"Ah!—if he had but lived! You would not be—doing what you are doing! Do you never come out in the garden for relief—say at the cool of the evening?"

"I used to: but just now there's a great deal to do. Sometimes after dusk I can snatch a few minutes there."

"Because I was thinking that if you did come I might have told you many little things about your father. He was my good friend when I was a boy."

"How I should like it! Yes, perhaps some evening I may be able to come out and listen to you."

"I hope you will. He was my friend; and I should like it, if I may, to be yours. He, the man, was kind to me, the lad; I, a man now, would serve his child."

Mr. Allardeen lifted his hat, and walked away. He began to think he might be hindering her. What a terrible shame it was that so gentle, delicate a girl should have to spend her days at this rough, unfit work! he thought. If poor Philip Gay, who was essentially a gentleman, and had loved to smooth the path of all around him, could but rise from his grave and witness it! And for them to call her Cinderella!

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE STRONGEST MAN.

Frederick Barnaby was educated at Harrow, and thence proceeded to Germany, where, under private tuition, he acquired an unusually perfect acquaintance with the French, Italian and German languages, and incidentally imbibed a taste for gymnastics. At sixteen he, the youngest of 160 candidates, passed his examination for admission to the army, and at the mature age of seventeen found himself a cornet in the Royal Horse Guards. At this time his breast seems to have been fired by the noble ambition to become the strongest man in the world. He threw himself into the pursuit of muscle with all the ardor since shown in other directions, and the cup of his joy must have been full when a precise examination led to the demonstration of the fact that his arm measured round the biceps exactly seventeen inches. His plaything at Aldershot was a dumb-bell weighing 170 pounds, which he lifted straight out with one hand, and there was a standing bet of £10 stirling that no other man in the camp could perform the same feat. At the rooms of the London Fencing Club there is to this day a dumb-bell weighing 122 pounds, and Captain Barnaby is the only member who can lift it above his head.

There is a story told of early barrack days, which brings pleasantly up a reminiscence of the Tichborne trial. A horse dealer arrived at Windsor with a pair of beautiful little ponies, which he had commanded to show to the Queen. Before exhibiting them to Her Majesty he took them to the cavalry barracks for display to the officers of the Guards. Some of these, by the way of a surprise, led the ponies upstairs into Barnaby's room where they were much admired. But when the time came to take leave an alarming difficulty presented itself. The ponies though they had walked up stairs, could by no means be induced to walk down again. The officers were in a fix; the horse dealer was in despair, when young Barnaby settled the matter by taking up the ponies, one under each arm, and, walking down stairs, deposited them in the barrack yard.

But Cornet Barnaby was as skilful as he was strong. He was one of the best amateur boxers of the day, as Tom Paddock, Nat Langham and Bob Travers could testify of their own well earned experience. Moreover, he fenced as well as he boxed and the turn of his wrist, which never failed to disarm a swordsman, was known in more than one of the capitals of Europe. Ten years ago everybody was talking of the wonderful feat of the young guardsman who undertook for a small wager to hop a quarter of a mile, ride a quarter of a mile, row a quarter of a mile and walk a quarter of a mile in a quarter of an hour, and who covered the mile and a quarter of distance in ten minutes and twenty seconds. Fred. Barnaby had, while barely out of his teens, realised his boyish dream and became the strongest man in the world. But he had also begun to pay the penalty of success in the coin of wasted tissues and failing health. When a man finds, after anxious and varied experiments, that a water ice is the only form of nourishment that his stomach will retain, he is driven to the conviction that there is something wrong and that he had better see the doctor. The result of the young athlete's visit to the doctor was that he mournfully laid down the dumb-bells and the foils, eschewed gymnastics and took to travel.

CAPTURING OSTRICHES.

The greatest feat of an Arab hunter is to capture an ostrich. Being very shy and cautious, and living on the sandy plains, where there is little chance to take it by surprise, it can be captured only by a well-planned and long-continued pursuit on the swiftest horse. The ostrich has two curious habits in running when alarmed. It always starts with outspread wings against the wind, so that it can scent the approach of an enemy. Its sense of smell is so keen that it can detect a person at a great distance long before he can be seen. The other curious habit is that of running in a circle. Usually five or six ostriches are found in company. When discovered, part of the hunters, mounted on fleet horses, will pursue the birds, while the other hunters will gallop away at right angles to the course the ostriches have taken. When these hunters think they have gone far enough to cross the paths the birds will be likely to take, they watch upon some rise of ground for their approach. If the hunters hit the right place and see the ostriches, they at once start in pursuit with fresh horses, and sometimes they overtake one or two of the birds, but often one or two of the fleet horses fall completely tired out with so sharp a chase.

GOOD SENSE.

Good sense, or what is usually called common sense, is the basis of good taste. It teaches a man, in the first place, that more than two elbows are highly inconvenient in the world; and, in the second, that the fewer people you jostle on the road of life the greater your chance of success among men or women. It is not necessary that a common-sense man need be an unimaginative one; but it is necessary that his imagination should be well regulated. Good taste springs from good sense, because the latter enables a man to understand at all times precisely where he is, and what he ought to do under the circumstances of his situation. Good taste is a just appreciation of the relationship and probable effects of ordinary, as well as extraordinary, things; and no man can have it unless he is in the habit of considering his own position, and planning his own actions with coolness and accuracy.

ALL women, let them be ever so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for beauty.

CRITICAL PERIODS OF LIFE.

From some elaborate tables drawn up by Dr. Farr it would seem, as far as can be made out, there are certain very critical periods in our career. A baby, for instance, has a very small chance indeed of growing up. But on the other hand, the period between the tenth and fifteenth years inclusively is that in which the death average is the smallest. At about thirty-five we must begin to take care of ourselves. At this period constitutional changes set in; our hair and teeth begin to fail us; our digestion is no longer what it used to be; we lose the vigor of youth and neglect out-door exercise; above all, the cares of life begin to make themselves perceptibly felt. It is at this time that deaths from suicide take a marked place in the returns of mortality, and there is also considerable reason to believe that habits of intemperance are apt to suddenly develop themselves. The picture, however, has its sunshiny side. It would take of course a professed actuary to deduce from Dr. Farr's tables their exact result. It appears, however, that if a man tides over his fiftieth year he may make tolerably certain of living to seventy, while if he reaches his seventy-fifth year there is very strong presumption that he will either turn his ninetieth birthday or very near it. A still more interesting question is opened by the series of tables which show the average mortality in different professions and pursuits. Gamekeepers are for obvious reasons the healthiest class of our whole population; clergymen and agricultural laborers come next, and are followed by barristers; solicitors and business men are less fortunate, while at the extreme end of the scale come unhealthy pursuits, such as printing and file-grinding.

LIBERALITY may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BROILED QUAIL.—Clean, wash, and split down the back as many quail as required; then lay them in cold water for half an hour. Wipe carefully. Season with salt and pepper and broil on a gridiron over a bright fire. When done, lay on a hot dish; butter both sides well, and serve at once. Broiled quails are delicious and nourishing fare for an invalid.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Boil tender; mash smooth and fine, picking out the woody bits. For three large parsnips allow two eggs, one cup of rich milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, and three tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat the eggs light; stir in the mashed parsnips, beating hard, then the butter and salt, next the milk, lastly the flour. Fry as fritters or as griddle cakes.

VENTILATION "is as important during winter as in summer; the lungs need fresh air all the year round in order that the body may remain in health. It is most likely to be neglected at this season, as the dreaded cold comes in with the needed air when doors or windows are opened for the purpose. If houses were properly built, flues would be provided in contact with the chimnies or heating pipes so that the fresh air might be warmed before being discharged into the room. But in absence of such arrangement the means at hand must be used, and fresh air frequently admitted to be warmed afterward. The air in sleeping rooms especially should be thoroughly renewed every morning, and sleep will be much more refreshing if steady circulation of air can be kept up without bringing a draught of cold air upon the sleeper."

CHICKEN PUDDING.—Cut up as for fricassee, and parboil, seasoning well with salt, pepper, and a lump of butter to each chicken. The fowls should be young and tender and divided at every joint. Stew slowly for half an hour. Take them out and lay on a flat dish to cool; set aside the water in which they were stewed for the gravy; make a batter of one quart of milk, three cups of flour, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one spoonful of cream of tartar, four eggs well beaten and a little salt; put a layer of the chicken in the bottom of the dish, and pour about half a cupful of batter over it—enough to conceal the meat—then another layer of chicken, and more batter until the dish is full. The batter must form the crust. Bake one hour in a moderate oven if the dish is large. Beat up an egg and stir into the gravy which was set aside; thicken with two teaspoonfuls of rice or wheat flour; add a little chopped parsley; boil up and send it to table in a gravy boat.

PIES are a blessing or an abomination, depending on the way in which they are made. To devour the compound of thick, heavy, tough crust, filled with improperly prepared ingredients, such as too often come upon the table, is a crime against any well regulated stomach. Here is a good way to remove prejudices against this much and often deservedly condemned article of diet. A deep dish from two to three inches in depth, is filled with fruit, pared—and, if of apples, they are cored and cut in a dozen slices, perhaps—with the requisite addition of sugar, spices and water. No under crust. The top crust, thin and flaky, comes from the oven light and crisp, and free from sogginess. It retains in the fruit all the flavor, and the peculiar deliciousness that escapes when cooked uncovered. In serving it, a knife is used to divide the pie in portions, and with a spoon the fruit removed from the pie dish to the dessert plate, where it forms an odorous and amber-like pile by the triangular piece of crust near it. The memory of those pies remains like a sweet fragrance. In England fruit pies are always made without bottom crust, and in dishes three or four inches deep, thus retaining the juice of the summer fruits.

STAINS ON CLOTHING are among the troublesome happenings which annoy every household. Being caused by the misapplication of many different substances they require different treatment according to their nature. In general, those from acids must be doctored with alkali, of which ammonia or hartshorn in dilute form is most convenient, and alkaline stains must be treated with acid, as vinegar, salts of lemon, oxalic acid, etc. Fruit and wine stains may be removed by immediate application of salt which is to be washed out in clear water. Soap would set the color. Milk is a good application where the salt fails. Put the cloth in while the milk is warm and let it come to a boil. Ink spots instantly saturated with milk with frequent rubbing and rinsing will be removed without injuring the color of the fabric. In white goods, the rusty stain remaining after ink is washed out may be removed by applying salts of lemon, rubbing it in and then washing out. Grease is readily expelled with benzine. The unpleasant odor will soon evaporate. Proceed as follows: Lay the stain over several folds of linen (a soiled chamber-towel answers the purpose well) and saturate it with the liquid, then shift it at once to another part of the underlying linen, so that the grease which has passed into it with the benzine may not return to the fabric; then as quickly as you can rub the spot in a circular manner, being careful that the edges dry thoroughly in which case not the slightest trace will remain either of the grease or of the means which have been taken to remove it. Should the result not be quite so satisfactory, and there be a distant outline visible, apply a very little plaster of Paris, let it remain a short time, dust it off, and then rub with some stale bread. Soda in the water will remove grease from white things when most obstinate. Grease itself is useful in removing the tar, a tiresome obstinate sort of stain, which requires the application of a great deal of fresh butter or lard, well rubbed in. This possibly will have to be taken out in its turn, according to the material on which it has been used, by the methods detailed above. Scorches made in ironing should be taken out at once with onion-juice (obtained by crushing a boiled onion) mixed with vinegar, white soap, and fuller's earth, a very small quantity of each being required. It is needless to say this must be well washed out afterwards. Tea or coffee will often leave stains if allowed to remain on clothing until it is washed; pure cold water applied with a sponge is the best remedy.

BAKED BEANS.—In Boston, which is head quarters for information on this subject, the following is the orthodox treatment. Soak them over night, or parboil them in two or three waters until they are at the cracking point. If pork is not to be cooked with them, all that is required is to season the dish to the nice point of half a pinch of salt, a single shake of the pepper box, and a lump of butter, neither too large nor too small, and have a piece of fresh spare-rib, roasted separately to serve with them. The beans must also be of "just the right consistence when put into the dish for baking." So far we believe it is all clear. If you have stamina enough for pork, praise your ancestry and kind heaven; and put the sweet criss-crossed pieces of seasoning meat, with its possibilities of crisp rinds, in the centre of the dish, with slices ornamenting the sides. All you need of the oven is to have it "neither too hot nor too slow." The beans must then simmer until they are "just done." To secure the exact shade of brown over the top, and the precise degree of heat and moisture inside needed to bring each individual bean to the very point of cracking and coalescing with its neighbor without entirely doing it!—that is all the direction one needs as to baking. If it isn't clear, you must learn as the boy learns to swim. Then as to serving. It is the sign of an effete and over-ripe social despotism to "dish out" a pan of baked beans. Assert your independence, and preserve the integrity of your result, by placing them upon the table in the dish in which they were cooked. Let the servant pass around the empty china, if you wish, to assure the family or guest that you have it. And have enough left to know the luxury of cold beans that have a heart in them!

Wonderful Success of
DR. T. FELIX'S GOURAUD'S
"ORIENTAL CREAM,"
OR
MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.
ITS FAME IS RAPIDLY SPREADING OVER THE COUNTRY.

SEE THE AVALANCHE OF TESTIMONIALS SELECTED FROM THOUSANDS, IN ITS PRAISE.

A FRENCH LADY WRITES:

MONS. GOURAUD: 'Tis but an act of justice that I should spontaneously give you my unqualified testimonial of the united efficacy, innocence, and fragrance of your preparation for purifying and cleansing the skin. By its use every pimple and freckle have vanished from my face. You should, mon ami, as it is so sovereign and charming a remedy for scattering all blemishes from our faces, call it le dallos des dames. En un mot, je suis enchante de le cosmetique et j'en vous remercie de tout mon coeur.

EMILLE DESMOULINS, Madison avenue.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM THE EMINENT TRAGEDIENNE, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.

DR. GOURAUD: Will you send six bottles of your ORIENTAL CREAM to the above address, not forgetting to be reasonable in price? Yours truly, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

FROM THE COUNTESS DE BIENSKI, A LEADING SOCIETY LADY.

ROCHESTER, February 18, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:

DEAR SIR: Please send me two more bottles of your charming ORIENTAL CREAM, by American Express, and oblige,

Yours, respectfully,
COUNTESS DE BIENSKI.

FROM MISS FANNIE STOCKTON, THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

BUFFALO, December, 1866.

DR. T. F. GOURAUD: I do not wish to put anything else in contact with my face, so delightful am I with this matchless cosmetic. Please send me ten bottles.

FANNIE STOCKTON.

BANGOR, Maine.

DR. GOURAUD: I have found your CREAM so delicious! It softens and makes the skin so beautiful, it does give me faith in your other preparations. MISS ANNA [illegible].

ST. LOUIS.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD: The CREAM is the nicest for the skin; it is excellent.

MRS. E. CURTIS.

BOSTON.

DR. GOURAUD: Your ORIENTAL CREAM is perfectly delicious; it is so cooling and refreshing. MRS. EATON.

FROM EVANS, THE CELEBRATED PERFUMER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1868.

DR. GOURAUD: I think your CREAM is unquestionably the best thing in this line, for the reason that when a lady once uses it she continues it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I find it is retailed by the druggists and fancy stores at two dollars a bottle yet. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it we secure a regular customer. If I was the owner, I would sell more of it in this city than all the rest of the skin preparations put together.

T. W. EVANS.

Prepared and invented by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, N. Y. Established 1839. To be had of all Druggists, &c.

Beware of cheap imitations.

AN ECHO FROM LONDON.

8 MONTPELIER SQUARE, LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND, September 28, 1871.

SIR: Will you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in England where I could procure your "ORIENTAL CREAM" for the complexion? If not will you tell me what would be the smallest number of bottles you could send me from New York; what would be the sum total, carriage free, of such a parcel? and lastly, how could I forward you the required amount? I think you would have a very great sale here. Yours, truly,

E. BERRIE.

DR. GOURAUD, New York.

A VOICE FROM LONDON, ENGLAND.

24 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W. C., November 13, 1871.

Le Journal des Modes:

SIR: The fame of your "ORIENTAL" having reached me, I enclose you the value in stamps, and will thank you to forward quickly. Will you be good enough to supply with the price per gross, cash with my name as agent on each bottle. Waiting your reply, I am faithfully yours,

SAMUEL MILLER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD.

FROM THE GEM OF THE WEST.

A lady friend, with the finest complexion we ever saw, told us that "after reading the advertisement of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM in our publication a year ago, she purchased it, and now she would not be without it for all the gold in Chicago." She further said that "hundreds of friends had tried to discover what she had used, but she had refused to inform them, as she prized it as a secret." We have determined to make the matter public. Let our readers try it. Found at DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S, 48 BOND STREET, New York, and all druggists.

(QUASI.)

ENDORSEMENT OF GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM BY THE DISTINGUISHED DR. L. A. SAYRE.

A lady of the haut ton, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: "You are already aware, Madame, that I am opposed to the use of cosmetics, but as you ladies will use them, I recommend GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL as the least harmless of the skin preparations."

"Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed."

As making up the face for the stage is one of the most unpleasant features of the business, professionals should welcome any invention which will alleviate the trouble. From practical experience of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, we can vouch that it is a pleasant, wholesome preparation. To the eye the effect is beautiful, and to the skin delicious. It has solved a question—a question which has been a puzzle for a long time. —From the *Dramatic News*.

DEPOT for DR. GOURAUD'S Preparation is at No. 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

With Premiums.

For $2.50, the POST one year and Mounted Chromo, "De Soto and the Discovery of the Mississippi."
For $2.25, the POST one year and Unmounted Chromo.
For $1.50, the POST 6 months and Mounted Chromo.
For $1.25, the POST six months and Unmounted Chromo.

Without Premiums.

For $2.00, the POST for One Year.
For $1.00, the POST Six Months.

CLUB RATES.

Four Copies, one year, $6.00.
Six Copies, one year, $10.00.
Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.
Twenty Copies, one year, $25.00.

An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.

Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.

In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Payable in Advance.

Fifty cents per line of space. Agate measurement, for each insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES, 75 cents per line.
READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to BENNETT & FITCH.
726 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, December 9, 1876.

MATCHES IN A POWDER HOUSE.

The madman who would recklessly scatter matches in a Powder Magazine would soon be placed where his freaks would be harmless. There are crazy heads of the press just now more dangerous to community than the lunatic referred to; writers who for sensational purposes are appealing to partisan spirit already raised to the highest pitch by the exciting political contest through which the country has just passed. Pending the decision for which all are anxiously waiting as to who are the successful candidates, threats of violence, bloodshed and civil war are covertly or openly uttered apparently with the hope of influencing the result, or at least of keeping up an excitement and profiting by it.

Unfortunately there is too much powder lying around loosely to permit such firebrands to be scattered harmlessly. Disappointed office-seekers, men wrought up by party feeling, gamblers who have large sums staked upon the issue, desperate speculators mindful of fortunes rapidly acquired during the recent war, and ready again to peril the nation to fill their pockets, and that large class of thoughtless men who are ready to rush into any tumult, are not slow to catch at such incendiary utterances.

Such words, whether thoughtlessly or maliciously uttered, should be met with the sternest indignation. This is not Mexico. The people of the United States are law-abiding. They know that for every wrong there is legal remedy; that retribution can be speedily meted out to offenders even in the highest places, by peaceful but sure methods. No wrong would be so monstrous as the kindling of civil war, and those who even indirectly lead their followers to its contemplation are guilty of a higher crime than the worst of election frauds.

THE ART OF LEADERSHIP.

If one would become a leader among men, his first work is to thoroughly subdue himself; to so put the curb and check on his emotions, passions, actions and expressions as to be at all times his own master, and able to guide his course steadily in the execution of any purpose.

Such a man will possess a superiority quickly recognized by his fellows who will gladly follow his lead, for the majority of men distrust their own judgment especially in emergencies.

To rise to such superiority requires something more than spasmodic effort of will. There must be regular, persistent, habitual training. It will not serve the purpose to depend on meeting occasional emergencies with firmness; there must be watchfulness and steadfastness in the minor daily ways of life; self-indulgence in small matters must be kept under with a steady hand; otherwise when greater occasions arise, there will not be strength to resist, and just here is where thousands fall before sudden and great temptation; they have not learned the art of mastery by overcoming in a small way. In this as in other things is it true "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken those things which he hath."

There are plenty of occasions for the practice of self-mastery in every day experience. The tempting hour in the morning which pleads for a little more sleep and a little more slumber when duty calls; the inviting dish at the table that appeals to the palate when the appetite is already satisfied; the hasty words that struggle for utterance under petty annoyance; the disappointments and discouragements attendant on business life, give ample exercise for self-control. These properly improved will fit a man for the times sure to come, when his soul shall be tried and not found wanting; his triumph will secure him a ready following, and he may safely take his place as leader.

IMMENSE PLEASURE SEEKERS.—The New York Herald says; "The Arsenal at Washington is the resort on Sunday for *pleasure seekers comprising an area of about fifty acres.*" Perhaps it should have spelled it *achers*, otherwise their area is unprecedented.

FORM A READING CLUB.

One of the pleasantest and most profitable ways for spending some of the long winter evenings is for a few neighbors to unite in a Reading Club. There need be nothing formal about it. Have a meeting at the houses of the different members alternately, or otherwise, as may be most desirable, weekly or oftener, and let such members as can read well take turns in reading to the company. The ladies can bring their sewing or knitting and so doubly improve the time. After an hour or more spent in this way, the subject of the reading will form a topic and supply staple for conversation, or if preferred, the usual topics of social visiting can be talked of. Old and young can in this way unite to mutual advantage, far better than in lounging at the store or saloon. A single interesting volume may be taken up and finished by instalments, or selections from different works can be read. Let the subjects be selected for the entertainment of the company and not the display of the elocutionary art of the reader.

The offer we make in another column of this paper, to supply books to subscribers from our choice library will make it easy to obtain works which shall interest all. A club of eight for the POST, costing the members only two dollars each, will give the use of twenty volumes, besides providing each family with a first-class paper for entertainment at home. Try it once!

NEW BUMP WANTED.

Phrenologists ought to locate a new apartment in the brain, to be occupied with notions of the "fitness of things." There is sad need of such an addition to the intellectual accomplishment of most people. The persistence with which many continue to do the right thing in the wrong place, and in vice versa-ing everything with which they have to do, tempts one often to raise a bump on their skulls for the express accommodation of such an organ as we have suggested.

Such torments will talk about the gallows to a man whose brother was hung; will describe the delights of matrimony to one who has been disappointed in love, and entertain the sick with accounts of all the recent deaths in the neighborhood. They will wear silks and diamonds in a street car, or in the public street; have pie for breakfast and roast beef at tea time; paint their houses green and the window-blinds blue; have paper of delirium tremens pattern on the bedroom walls; cultivate vegetables in the front yard; sing tenor with a bass voice; write poetry for the newspapers before they know how to spell; and do a thousand more things to set one's teeth on edge, and send cold chills down his back. They seem to be incurable, and must, we suppose, be endured, like mosquitoes, fogs, dust and other foreordained nuisances intended to aid in the growth of patience—but it is hard!

MATES CLASSIFIED.

The following catalogue may save some trouble in choosing a partner for life.

CLASSES.

Females.	*Males.*
1. Pretty girls.	1. Nice young fellows.
2. Handsome ladies.	2. Fine gentlemen.
3. Beautiful women.	3. True men.

SYNONYMS.

1. Cheap jewelry.
2. Fine sculpture.
3. Living poems.

USES.

1. Play things.
2. Ornaments.
3. Treasures.

PHENOMENA.

1. The eye attracted.
2. The Imagination dazzled.
3. The heart satisfied.

EARLY RESULTS.

1. Disgust.
2. Disappointment.
3. Eden.

ENDINGS.

1. Early misery.
2. Divorce.
3. Heaven.

RABBIT SHOOTING.

(See illustration on first page.)

The lively picture of rabbit hunting on our first page will stir the blood of many a sportsman who in bygone days has followed this lively game. With a good dog and close-shooting fowling-piece, the hunter who does not mind a long tramp may at this season find capital sport in the woods off the Northern and Middle States, in rabbit hunting, especially in thinly-settled districts, where they are often superabundant. Properly cooked, the rabbit—or hare, as he should be called—is a savory dish, and a welcome change from the monotony of pork, which forms the staple meat of too many farm tables.

POPPING THE QUESTION is a serious matter; questioning the "Pop" is sometimes even more so.

TALK about a spark in a powder mill! If you want to see a lively time, introduce a spark to a female seminary.

PROFESSOR SWING says, "The new hat won on a bet, comes down over the eyes of the soul." Such a hat must certainly be felt.

"IS WHISKEY good for the voice?" asks a correspondent of the POST. Its steady use would undoubtedly develop gutteral sounds

BRASS BANDS are continually disturbing the community by coming to blows—they wouldn't do it if so many of their members did not take a horn.

THE man who could not afford to subscribe for a newspaper, sold his wheat last week at ten cents a bushel less than the market reports, and spent three dollars for whiskey and one dollar for tobacco.

FATALITY.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

Fair Hope looked out of a gloomy cloud,
With roses on her head;
While the flowers in the emerald sod,
Decked the place of the dead.

A monk knelt down in a cloister lone,
To hear the angels sing;
A maiden betrothed lay in a tomb,
Beside an ermined king.

The ocean calmed its fury down,
And sunshine glinted its face;
The dancing brook o'erspread a town,
To drown the populace.

The grain looked up all yellow from storm,
The worm found out the bud;
Such are the ways the Fates do harm,
And why none knew but God!

MY EXPERIENCE WITH OPIUM.

BY HELEN BURGESS.

The following narrative is not a fancy sketch, but the actual experience of a gifted lady, well-known to the editor of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, now living in another State.

The story I am about to tell you of my own most bitter experience in the use of this most terrible drug, is, I beg you to believe, a plain unvarnished statement of facts. I shall use no poetic license. I shall try, as far as in me lies, to tell you nothing but the simple truth.

Some one has said that morally as well as physically we are made up of shreds and patches that we inherit from our ancestors. Among those that I have inherited is a tendency to fall into habits either good or bad, and having once become fixed in them to cling to them tenaciously. Always with me whatever is, is best. Change goes against every instinct of my nature. I am also inclined to run to excess in everything; there is nothing negative about me. Remember this as you read my story, which begins when I was in my fifteenth year.

Our family consisted at this time of my father and mother, a little sister two or three years old, and myself. My mother's health had been failing for some time, and she was now confined almost entirely to the bed. My father was also an invalid. The unusual labor and care thus falling upon me soon exhausted the strength of a constitution never vigorous at the best.

The scene rises clearly before me now, when at last entirely worn out and overcome I sank down and burst into tears, exclaiming that I could do no more. I was alone with my mother at the time, and calling me to her bedside she told me she would give me something that would make me feel better, placing in my hand a small pill of opium, which with a draught of water I swallowed.

I can only explain or excuse my mother's grave error in this matter by supposing that she had become acquainted with the relief afforded by the drug, but was ignorant of its dangers.

Soon the stimulant began to act, and its effects were magical. There was none of the languor usually ascribed to it, but an intensity of buoyant life that vivified every power of mind and body. The strength of a newly-created being bounded in every pulse, and gave vital force to brain, nerve, and muscle. I tasted the sweetness of the forbidden fruit—perhaps more perilously sweet to me than to another—and how could I know that the deadly thing would canker and eat, until soul and body were consumed?

Do you wonder that the next day when again prostated, I went to my mother for another portion of a drug that was to me as the elixir of life? Or the next day; or the next, or the next? Of course the reaction, and the constant demand of over-exertion upon my failing strength made it more and more needful, and so it went through the winter and spring until the habit of daily dependence upon it was formed.

By the middle of the summer the health of my parents was restored; but I had become seriously ill, and was beginning to feel uneasy as the fact forced itself upon my attention, that I could hardly exist without medicine. I then only regarded it as a necessary remedy, but still felt that I ought not to be so dependent upon it. When, however, I said this to my mother she always quieted me by the reply that when I regained my strength I would not feel the need of it.

At this time, when I had been under its influence, I think about a year and a half, my mother was accidentally prevented from procuring it, and was unable to give me the usual portion. Previous to this, I had never been deprived of it long enough to suffer pain from the lack of the stimulant; but now I began to experience a strange feeling of restlessness and distress in the limbs, accompanied by chills and fever and all of the symptoms of a violent cold. As the hours wore on the restlessness and pain increased and became intensified, until it was nothing short of intolerable agony; something more utterly unendurable than any other form of suffering I have ever known. I can liken to nothing but the tortures of the rack of the Inquisition, and I sincerely believe it could be no worse. All through the day and night I walked the floor, unable to sit or lie still for a moment.

At last my mother was enabled to obtain the means of relief; and what blessed relief it was! In half an hour the blood flowed evenly through the veins, pains ceased, a delicious sense of warmth and repose enveloped me, and I lay down like a tired child, to refreshing slumber. But when I awoke, and the first feeling of relief was passed, the naked truth stared me in the face. Self-deception was no longer possible. Concealment was all that was left me. I knew that I was powerless to break the chain though of its weight I was yet totally ignorant. But in the years that were to come how intolerable the weight of that chain became—how the links rusted and ate into the quivering flesh, until the loosening touch of the angel of Death, was something to be looked for with longing eyes.

For the four succeeding years I drifted on, careful to hide all traces of the evil, but making no effort at reform because I deemed reform impossible. I knew that my father and friends would be displeased if they became acquainted with the truth; but I never dreamed of the storm of incredulity, horror, and indignation with which they would meet the discovery.

It was during my mother's last illness, at the end of these four years, that the bolt fell. Two physicians met at our house, and my father asked them to prescribe for me, as he had noticed a peculiar drowsiness about me, and thought I must be ailing. A slight examination revealed to them the truth, and they told him they believed I was in the habit of taking opium. My father then questioned me, and I denied the accusation. When I saw the pain and trouble in his face, I did not *dare* acknowledge that they were right. He said my word was enough—he was convinced of my innocence, for I had never told him a lie in my life. Remembering well the bitter reproaches and denunciations that met me in after years, I still think nothing ever hurt me as did this simple, unquestioning faith in my honor and integrity.

But suspicion once awakened, concealment became impossible. Soon after this my mother's death occurred, and our household was broken up; my father and sister going back to the old homestead of my grandfather, and I entering a seminary for the purpose of settling myself for a teacher of painting.

The Principal of the school knew something of my family and friends, and I was at first received with unusual marks of favor and consideration. I never, however, sought intimacy with teachers or pupils, because that might lead to the discovery of my secret, which I vainly hoped, here among strangers, might be preserved. As well might one stricken with leprosy hope to conceal the marks of the loathsome disease! Even now, looking back with cleared vision, it is impossible for me to understand how it was that this subtle vice impregnated and changed everything within me; but the fact remains indisputable that it did.

Gradually there began to grow about me an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion. My ability was praised, my diligence commended. I stood as the acknowledged head of the art department, and was made prominent upon all public occasions, and yet all this counted as naught. I stood always alone—some impalpable barrier shutting me off from all. This went on for several months, until I was again brought to bay, and the old story rehearsed. Every argument that reason could make was used to induce me to give up the pernicious drug, and I had only evasions and subterfuges with which to meet them. No need of arguments to convince me of the evils of my course. No tongue could describe the bitterness of the bondage or the galling of the chain as I knew it, but I believed it impossible to change.

I was also constantly receiving letters from my friends, all bearing upon this one point. I was the eldest grandchild in both my father's and mother's family, and had always seemed to be an object of especial interest to a large circle of near relatives. Now they all dwelt upon their ability and willingness to aid my advancement in life—upon the position I ought to occupy, and the hopes they had cherished for me—but all ending with the refrain that I must expect nothing from them if I continued in the course I was pursuing, which must inevitably lead to an early and shameful death. Such was the heartsickness caused by these appeals that even now, after many years, the first sight of a letter bearing my address always brings with it the old thrill of dread.

When my school life closed I went for a few months to the house of my father's eldest sister. She was the dearest and truest friend I had ever known, and I think when here again the evil betrayed itself, her displeasure and unwonted severity gave me the first impulse towards an effort at reform; indeed caused me first to consider the possibility of it. In self-defense I was led to tell her the whole miserable story, and in conclusion said I had sometimes thought of consulting a physician, but unless I could have aid, I believed the case to be hopeless.

She went at once to our old family physician for advice. He occupied a high position in his profession, but said nothing could be done to help me; the only way was to stop the use of the drug and bear the consequences. Then I endeavored to do without it, but I might as well have tried to cut the nerves from my own body as endure the torture. The pain being in the nerves, of course the very foundation of the power of endurance was weak and ready to sink.

Before this blighting influence fell upon me I had always been most warmly welcomed to the homes of my kinsfolk, but now wherever I went coldness and censure met me, until life became a burden which I would gladly have laid down. At this time I accepted an offer of the situation of painting teacher in a school in Leroy, a town adjoining the one where my old home lay. When settled in my new abode I formed a resolution to which I afterwards adhered, that I would never again cross the threshold of one of my friends, until the plague spot was removed.

There for fifteen years I lived, within a few miles of all who had been nearest and dearest to me, as utterly dead to them as if the sod had been already green above my grave.

After one or two changes I became a member of the family of a Mr. Grey, and here for twelve years I found a home; the first I had known since my mother's death. In spite of all my faults—which were ignored and hidden as far as possible—I gained in these years a regard which was afterwards tested and proved as friendship is seldom tried. I also became warmly attached to many of the inhabitants of the place, and had it not been for the hidden skeleton might have been content.

During the first year of my residence here, an event—if I may so term it—occurred, that I think had a lasting influence upon my life. I one day threw myself upon my bed for a little rest, and instantly fell into a deep sleep. It had lasted but a few moments when I was aroused by a violent knocking at the door, and the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Grey. Mrs. Gray said she had called and tried to awaken me until she became too much alarmed to enter the room alone, and sent for Mr. Grey to accompany her. During this sleep as lethargy I had a dream that, though not remarkable in itself, made a strong impression upon me. I thought I found myself standing upon the center of a long narrow track which reached from bank to bank across the dry bed of a wide, deep river. Standing so, I saw approaching from the other side something that I can only describe as a great dark mass of undefined outlines. Something like a black cloud, and yet possessing a body and density that must inevitably crush me to atoms if it reached me. I looked back, but there was not time to retrace my steps; downward, but there was a sheer decent of an hundred feet. Whilst hesitating what course to pursue, I suddenly found myself in the dry bed of the torrent, toiling over rolling stones, and around immense boulders, striving to reach the green banks above; but at every step the uncertain footing caused me to slip back, so that I made no perceptible progress. At this point I was awakened.

You see there was nothing very strange in the dream, but the instant application of it which I made, and the effect which it produced upon me was remarkable. I felt that the bane of my life was bringing some horrible calamity upon me, though of its nature I had no conception. That I had received a warning of the peril in which I stood I did not doubt. In some moods I now think this was only caused by a morbid state of the mind. In others I believe the chords of being were touched by an unseen hand—a hand that guided and gave the victory as surely as in days of old.

Years after when the final struggle came I used often to think if only in my vision I had reached the sunny banks above, it would give me hope of escape from the depths out of which I seemed vainly striving to climb.

Well, again with all my strength, I made a most desperate attempt to free myself, and again most miserably failed. It is needless to relate the long series of abortive efforts at release that followed during the next nine years. Every day I prayed with my whole soul, that God in his limitless power, would in some way break the bonds at which my feeble hands labored in vain. I never asked his forgiveness for the sin, for I felt that He and He alone knew me powerless to forsake it. For all other transgressions I humbled myself, but never for this.

I think it was in the winter of the ninth year of my residence in the family of Mr. Grey that the beginning of the end came.

I had learned the impossibility of abruptly abstaining from the use of the drug, and was trying, as I had often tried before, to gradually reduce the size of the dose, when I again received one of the dreaded letters; this time from my mother's eldest sister. I thought the worst had already been said,—but anything scathing and blistering like this I had never known. Even the physical effect was so great that I was frightened at my sensations. A cold sweat started from every pore; a ringing sound filled my ears, and I was numb from head to foot, as if stricken with paralysis.

I was already using only a very much reduced amount of opium, and I now once more endeavored to leave it off entirely. I knew that intoxicated persons seemed incapable of pain, and the thought occured to me that perhaps liquor might deaden the sense of suffering. I had never been able to bear more than two or three tablespoonfuls, and I thought surely a sufficent quantity could be taken to bring relief.

I received the letter in the evening, and the next morning the sensation of being stretched upon the rack came on. Before noon I had taken a half-pint of Bourbon whisky, before night a half-pint of brandy, and before midnight a considerable quantity of alcohol. Within eighteen hours, unaccustomed to it as I was, I took more than a pint of powerful liquor, without the shadow of an effect, I might as well have been drinking water. Again the excruciating torture drove me back to the narcotic.

Perhaps you weary of this ceaseless repetition of baffled efforts, but only by minute details is it possible to make you comprehend, even faintly, the strength of the power that held me in subjection.

I still persisted in my determination to loosen my bands by degrees, and by spring had advanced much farther than I had ever been able to do before.

I began now to experience at times a new and most terrible sensation; a strange dullness and forgetfulness, as if my brain was in some way benumbed. I supposed this strange condition of mind to be produced by the long-continued indulgence in narcotics, but have since learned that it was the result of the unusual abstinence from them. I now began to see, clearly defined, the shape of the nameless thing I had seen approaching in my dream. This unspeakable dread caused me to rapidly decrease the already diminished dose until by early fall I had reached a point where I was only using perhaps a twentieth part of the customary amount.

All these months the violence of the symptoms already recorded had been gathering force, until they had become almost unendurable. With lips and mouth parched with fever, I was yet always covered with a cold sweat, and shaking with an icy chill. The restlessness and distress in the limbs had increased to such a degree that my nights were almost sleepless, and yet I was so utterly weak and exhausted that it seemed as if I had only to sink down to fall into a death-like repose. With all this suffering it soon became impossible to conceal its outward manifestations.

At last, forced to confess my illness, I made my friends in the house acquainted with the truth. They at once most urgently advised my sending for a physician, but this I was reluctant to do. I shrank from making my condition known to a mere acquaintance; but as the weeks passed, and I continued to decline, I was led to acquiesce, and a physician was called. He came, listened to my statement, watching me, meanwhile, with penetrating "doctor's eyes," asked a few questions, gave me some slight remedies, and left, evidently feeling only a desire to escape from a disagreeable interview. I knew him to be a kind, honorable and skillfull man in his profession, upon whose judgment I could rely, and I naturally concluded that he considered my case hopeless, or he would not thus leave me to my fate.

Long afterwards I learned that he said he could do nothing for me while I was taking opium, and it was useless to try to help me to give it up, for I never would bear the torture that I must endure. After this I began to look forward to death as the only possible relief.

At this time a depth of wordless sadness brooded always over me. My thoughts dwelt continually upon what my life might have been, and upon what it had been—the friends I had alienated, the love I had put from me, the duties I had neglected. Why had I not seen this in time? and now it was forever too late! My eyes are dimmed as I recall the inexpressible feeling of loneliness and desolation, too deep for tears, with which, as darkness gathered, I used to watch the lights glimmering from the peaceful village homes, and fancy their inmates lying down to restful slumber, mothers with their babes in their arms; sisters sharing each other's joys and sorrows, and children ministering to the comfort of parents. Why had I not seen the unalterable sweetness of this home life that might have been mine, but was now forever lost? Why had this overflowing tenderness and passion of love for my dear ones lain dormant so long? It was all a fathomless mystery.

There began to grow upon me now a consciousness of being watched. Though most delicately careful to avoid attracting my attention, I knew that some member of the family was always acquainted with my whereabouts. A hidden design which I had formed gave me the key to the motive. I had determined to seek rest where alone it could be found—in the painless repose of the last sleep. I thought, in the effort to cleanse myself from the stain, I had borne all that my Maker could require. He knew my strength was but weakness, and He would pity and forgive the last crowning sin of the child whom he had created. When my friends should learn how I had striven to conquer the foe, and knew me sleeping peacefully in a quiet grave, they would pardon and forget the trouble and disgrace I had brought upon them; and I so so wanted rest!—so longed and hungered and thirsted for it! A stream of water flowed near the house, and at a little distance possessed a depth which I knew would be sufficient for my purpose. For some time I watched in vain for an opportunity to elude the vigilance of my friends, but at last, one evening as dusk was falling and a thunder shower approaching, I thought my time had come. In the gloaming I started from the house, and, soon hidden by the shrubs and bushes lining the banks of the stream, supposed I had escaped observation.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

EDUCATION.—The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

MANNERS.—Manners are what vex or soothe, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or totally destroy them.

NEWS NOTES.

THE Supreme Court has decided that express companies are liable for the negligence of the railroad employes who act for them.

TWEED has been returned at last, and is again in his old quarters in Ludlow street Jail, New York. He is described as very much broken down in health and spirits.

THE Greeley Monument will be unveiled in Greenwood Cemetery December 4. Thurlow Weed will preside and Bayard Taylor will deliver the address.

SIX criminals were publicly whipped and afterward exposed in the pillory at New Castle, Delaware, on Saturday. The men received from ten to forty lashes each.

THE Russians are preparing pontoons to cross the Danube, and the dispatch of volunteers into Servia has been resumed. The Turkish army is also preparing for an advance.

THE *Times*, the "live" daily paper of Philadelphia, has moved into a fine new building erected for its accommodation, corner of Eighth and Chestnut streets. It is enjoying well deserved prosperity.

IT is understood that England will not object to Russian occupation of Bulgaria if Germany and Austria will guarantee that it shall be only temporary. Germany is not disposed to enter upon any guarantees.

OVER two thousand persons have applied for spaces in the Permanent Exhibition—the Main Building of the late Exposition—and applications are still coming in to the directors of the company. This is the best proof of the interest taken in it by our own people and those from abroad.

THE Indian troubles which have threatened the peace of southern Colorado and New Mexico are about ended, the prompt action of the military having a decided effect and matters in Arizona have quieted down, the majority of the Indians there having gone upon reservations set apart for them by the government.

THERE are estimated to be over 1000 Young Men's Christian Associations in North America. The average number of members is 110. Four hundred and sixteen expend annually $750. There are 304 Association reading-rooms and 247 libraries. Unincumbered Association property is held to the amount of $2,125,410.

PRIVATE advices received at San Francisco on Saturday state that the revolution in Lower California, reported recently, is the beginning of an insurrectionary movement in favor of Porfirio Diaz, which will spread throughout that State. There are scarcely any government troops there to oppose the revolutionists.

PREPARATIONS are going forward very actively in Paris for the World's Fair which is to open on May 1, 1878. The French government has advanced 35,000,000 francs towards the expenses of the grand festival. The plan is elaborate, and every detail promises convenience, novelty, and elegance. The French never do things by halves, and the coming Exposition Universelle will doubless crown the series.

SOME curious statistics, just published, show that out of a population of more than 36,000,000 in France there are 37,927 blind and 29,512 deaf and dumb; so that in 960 inhabitants there is one blind, and in 1,220 there is one deaf and dumb person. In Paris alone there are 7,333 mad people, while in all France there are 17,123 male and 14,964 female lunatics.

GERMANY heads the list of emigrants arrived at the port of New York. Out of 62,555 arrivals in ten months 31,424 were of the Teutonic and Scandinavian races. There were 10,385 from Great Britain, and only 9,724 from Ireland. The arrivals of emigrants from Ireland for ten months amount to only 9,724, while in 1873 they were 19,924. A few years ago Ireland sent us more than five times as many.

IN the excitement of the election an important commercial event has not been noticed. A treaty between England and China throws four more ports open to the world. Tschang, on the upper Yang-tse Kiang river, is, perhaps, the most important. That stream is the largest in China, traversing a populous and fertile valley, abounding in products of value to the Western World. Many of these districts have hitherto been closed to direct foreign trade, and both England and this country may hope to reap increased benefits from these new avenues to the resources of the Flowery Land.

THE San Francisco newspapers state that some of the vessels sent to the Ochotsk Seas last Spring to engage in the cod-fish fishery have returned, and report a very large catch. The fleet from the Choumagin Islands is nearly all in, and from them the reports are equally as favorable. The nine vessels that have come into port bring in the aggregate, 691,000 fish. The fleet of 1875 brought in 504,000. It is also stated that the business has had a new stimulus by the permanent establishment of a station at the Choumagin Islands for the purpose of facilitating catching and shipping all the year round.

NEARLY every other nation of Europe having led the way, Russia is about adopting the Metric weights and measures. The special committee which is sitting at St. Petersbury, at the headquarters of the Russian Imperial Technical Society, have not only come to the conclusion that such an innovation would be useful, but have also emphatically declared that the present is the fitting moment for the introduction of the Metric System. They think that the change ought to be accomplished within two years. It is a remarkable fact that Americans, with all their boasted readiness to adopt labor-saving inventions, and having led the world in use of a decimal currency, should be one of the very last nations of the globe to adopt what John Quincy Adams, in his official report, pronounces the greatest invention of human ingenuity since that of printing, and a greater labor-saver than steam.

A NEW method of swindling farmers has just been put in operation. Several strange men drive into an agricultural district. They stop at all the farm houses, and make a contract to take all the butter the farmers can furnish at fifty cents a pound. Further, it will be gathered up by a fast special team, and cash paid for at the door. The pretence is that during the Fall and Winter the large cities will be crowded, and that butter will be scarce. In this way all the farmers in a district are contracted with, and the arrangements are made to come for the butter on certain days and at certain points; the contract to go into effect in two weeks. A few days after the departure of the men a drove of cows came along. They are fine-looking milch cows. They try to buy them, but the drover doesn't seem anxious to sell. Finally, however, he is induced to sell two or three to each farmer, at prices considerably higher than the real market value. He then departs, meets his partners, who put up the butter job, and they divide their profits.

THE AUTUMN CONFESSION.

BY S. L. MITCHELL.

What is it the wild waves are saying,
As they murmur and mutter and roar?
I know, I know, they are telling their beads
They are telling their beads to the shore.

What is it the tall pine is saying,
With a whisper as low as a sigh?
I know, I know, he is telling his beads,
He is telling his beads to the sky.

Like the maiden that kneels at the altar,
Or the monk in confession and prayer;
I know, I know, they are telling their beads,
Are telling their beads to the air.

The beach and the maple have told them,
The olive has caught the refrain,
The poplar just whispers the burden,
The oak tells it over again.

And as in the wild wood I listen,
I hear the same notes on the air,
For nature has gone to confession,
Has gone to confession and prayer.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

(This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JOSHUA'S CONFESSION.

Another bright June morning; newly blown roses looking in at the open windows, born, like the butterflies, for a day. Naomi was astir earlier than usual after a sleepless night, full of care for her father. Oh, if that sweet air of Heaven, which is a joy in itself for the happy, could but blow away one's sense of abiding trouble, could but bring the promise of relief! This was what Naomi thought, as she stood at her open window, looking out at the calm hill-tops, from which the summer mists were rising, like a veil slowly unfolded by invisible hands.

She was at her father's door before six o'clock, knocking and waiting his reply with fast-throbbing heart, fearing she knew not what. There was no answer. She felt the floor reeling under her feet. Awful fears seized upon her. She knocked loudly, violently almost, and still no answer. She tried the door with shaking hands, expecting to find it locked, as it had been yesterday evening when she came to inquire about the light; but it yielded under her hand, and she went into her father's room.

It was empty. She looked round with wild, eager eyes, almost beside herself, in the agony of that great dread. The room was quite empty. The bed had been lain upon; the candle had been left burning, and had burned down to the brazen socket. There was a letter lying on the escritoire, which Naomi seized upon eagerly. It was addressed to herself.

She tore it open, still full of fear; for the letter might reveal some terrible determination. There was another letter inside, sealed, and addressed to Captain Pentreath.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER—I am going to Penmoyle to seek my wife, and shall return to Combhallow no more. My duty there is done. I have taught my people to know the right path. I can give them up into the hands of a new minister. I am going where the darkness has never been dispelled by Gospel light; I am going to find new duties in desolate places. But first I must see my wife. I would pardon and bless her before I go. Do not follow me. My fate is fixed.

Be not fail to give the enclosed letter, with the seal unbroken, into Captain Pentreath's hands. Your affectionate father.

JOSHUA HAGGARD.

Naomi lifted up her heart in thankfulness. He had gone to do no wicked and desperate act. He had gone to seek his wife, carrying with him pardon and love. The ice had melted. Who could tell what healing for mind and soul there might be in the change?

But this letter to be delivered to Arnold Pentreath? Here was a fearful thought. What if it were a confession of her father's guilt—a confession which would put his life in Arnold's power? And Arnold had already shown himself merciless. To withhold the letter would be to disobey her father's express command. To deliver it might be to endanger his life. What was she to do?

She sat by the escritoire with the letter in her hand, perplexed in the extreme. Then finding thought useless to show her the way, she fell upon her knees and prayed for guidance, prayed long and earnestly.

She rose from this prayer resolved, whether for good or ill, she would obey her father's behest, and deliver the letter, trusting to God's mercy and her own influence with Arnold for the issue. He had pretended to love her—nay, had loved her—before this fearful discovery of his brother's fate. She must have some power over him still; her pleading must be of some avail. Yes, she would obey her father, and in so doing proclaim her trust in Providence.

"Let me fall into the hand of the Lord; for very great are His mercies," said Naomi. "Can I doubt that my father is in God's hands to-day, though men may seem to have the ordering of his fate?"

She lost no time in carrying out her determination, but she went back to her room and put on her bonnet and then ran downstairs.

She was going out at the street-door, when it suddenly occurred to her that her father's absence must speedily be discovered, and would make a commotion in the house if it were in no manner accounted for. So she went to the kitchen, where her aunt was employed in her usual morning duty of giving out provisions for the day's consumption from a rigorously locked store-room.

To her Naomi quietly announced that her father had started early that morning, on his way to Penmoyle, to see his wife.

"Started early?" cried Judith, incredulously. "Why, the Truro coach doesn't go before half-past seven, and it's not a quarter-past yet. What do you mean by started early?"

"He may have set out to walk part of the journey, perhaps, aunt," answered Naomi. "You know how fond he is of walking. He had gone at six o'clock when I went to his room, and had left me a letter to say he was going to Penmoyle."

"I think he might have written to me," said Judith, with an offended air. "If he must needs go off a moment's notice, throwing all the housekeeping in a muddle—you needn't roast the mutton to-day, Sally; the cold beef will be good enough for us—he might at least have had the civility to address his explanation to me. After keeping his house nearly thirty years it's hard to have such a slight put on me."

"The beef, mum!" remonstrated Sally; "there's hardly anything but bones."

"Nonsense, girl; there's plenty of picking between the bones. And if I've time, I'll make a treacle pudding."

Naomi vanished while the dinner was under discussion. Her heart was very heavy, as she went to the Grange. She had not entered the house since the days when she had been Oswald's plighted wife, and the future lay fair before her, full of the promise of happiness. And now there was a thought of horror in the very road by which she went. Twice had her murdered lover been carried along that road; and now he was lying quietly in his grave, and all earthly hopes lay buried with him.

The old house looked peaceful enough in the cheerful morning light. Gardens and shrubberies had been better kept since Arnold's return. The beds and borders were full of sweet-smelling flowers. The windows were all open, and a handsome red setter—a favorite of Arnold's—was lying in the porch.

Naomi rang the noisy old bell, which was answered, after a longish pause, by Nicholas, the butler, who came across the hall, carrying his master's breakfast on one of those old silver trays which had been kept under lock and key during the Squire's lifetime, but which the less careful sailor had given out for daily use.

At sight of Naomi, the old man stopped short, with a startled look:

"Lord, miss, how you skeared me!" he exclaimed.

"Can I see your master, Nicholas?"

"To be sure 'ee can, miss. He's to his break'ust in the blue parlor—the room that was Squire's study, you know; but the harkitock had it all routed out and painted."

The butler opened the door of that small room on the left hand of the porch, and ushered Naomi into the presence of Captain Pentreath.

He started up with a cry, half surprise, half welcome, as if to see her only were in itself so glad a thing, that he forgot all the painful circumstances of their meeting. This oblivion lasted but for a moment. His face clouded, and he looked at her deprecatingly.

"Naomi, I have been longing for such a meeting as this. I want to tell you—to make you understand, if I can—that in what I have done I have been constrained by my duty to the dead. And your father wronged me—that wrong the deepest one man could do another—I would have endured all for your sake; but my duty to the dead is sacred. At the hazard of breaking your heart, with the certainty of losing your regard, I was forced to do what I did."

"Hush!" she said, "do not speak of me or my feelings. You have brought great misery upon us—an irreparable shame. It may be in your power to work still greater misery for us. I can but do *my* duty to God and my father. My first duty to both is obedience. I have brought you a letter."

"A letter?"

"From my father. But before I give it you, promise that you will make no evil use of it, that you will not make his own words the means of destroying him. I cannot tell what he has written. I know that all yesterday his mind was sorely disturbed—that he has been oppressed and troubled in mind for a long time. How can I tell you what he has written? Promise me that you will not use this letter against him."

"I promise," answered Arnold, with a touch of scorn. "It is not likely that a letter which your father writes to me of his own free will can prove a weapon with which to strike him."

He opened the letter, prepared to find an artful and studied composition setting forth the minister's innocence of the crime charged against him, a plausible and subtle defence, such as the ingenuity of a clever and thoughtful man might elaborate at his leisure. The paper almost dropped from his hand as he read the first line.

"Arnold Pentreath, you accused me rightly. It was this hand that slew your brother. But the deed was not so basely done as you think. We stood face to face, each with his weapon in his hand. It was what the sons of Belial call an honorable meeting, though my conscience calls it murder. He stole my young wife's heart—came between me and the most perfect happiness that Heaven ever vouchsafed to man. I met him with my wife's kiss still warm upon his lip. I had seen them part, mind you, as lovers whose hearts are cloven asunder in parting. I told him that he owed me his life, and he was willing to admit the debt. 'My life is of so little value that you are heartily welcome to it,' he said: 'I have often thought of taking it myself.' He had a pair of pistols about him, and proposed that we should fight on the spot, but withdrew his proposal the next moment, remembering that I had no practice in the use of firearms."

"I told him I was willing to set my want of skill against his bad cause. 'It is you that are the wrong-doer,' I cried. 'Heaven will be on my side.'"

"We fought, and he fell. I was alone with his dead body, and all the horror of my position was suddenly revealed to me. According to my own creed I was a murderer; and in the sight of the world I should stand revealed as a murderer if I were found with this dead man by my side.

"Satan, who had made me blind to the guilt of my act till it was accomplished, now tempted me to the baseness of concealment. I dragged the body to the edge of the shaft, and threw it down, and went quickly home, and kept silence about your brother's fate till the day I spoke of him with you.

"I told you that in my opinion your brother had committed suicide. I say still that he flung his life recklessly away. Had he pleaded or argued with me my blind passion might have been subjugated. He put the weapon which killed him into my hand.

"God rest his soul, and pardon my sin!

"I am going forth to a life as desolate as that of John in the desert. My God so appoint my punishment here that I may not lose my portion in the glory hereafter.

JOSHUA HAGGARD."

Naomi stood before Captain Pentreath with ashen lips, watching him as he read the letter, praying dumbly all the while, and with that sense of efficacy in her prayer, even in this moment of suspense, as only an implicit faith can experience.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Arnold, giving her the letter; "thank God it is not so bad as I believed! This confession has the stamp of truth! and—he is your father!"

No words can tell the depth of tenderness in that little speech, and the look that went with it.

Both look and tone were lost on Naomi. Her eyes were rooted to the letter; triumph, gratitude, joy, illumined her face.

"It was not murder," she cried; "there was no treachery, no secrecy; they stood face to face—sinners both—blinded, maddened by passion. It was no murder. Father, how could I have wronged you by such base thoughts—I, who have known and loved you all these years. Guilty! yes, I will acknowledge your guilt; but not a treacherous assassination. My God, I thank thee!

In days when the first gentlemen of the land asserted their sense of honor and superiority to the common herd by slaying one another in a formal manner, the idea of duel was not so revolting as it is now. Even to Naomi, educated as she had been in a far different creed from the code of honor, the knowledge that her father had stood face to face with his foe, risking his own life against the life he took, was an infinite relief. In horrible nightmare dreams she had seen him, with the assassin's face, creeping stealthily towards his victim. The horrid image had haunted her sleeping and waking; and now that horror was laid at rest forever. Her belief in this confession of her father's was as implicit as her faith in God.

"Arnold," she pleaded with deep humility, as one who asks an almost impossible boon, "can you ever bring yourself to forgive my erring father?"

"No!" he answered, stoutly; but I no longer look upon him with loathing. There is one atonement left to him; he can stand face to face with me, as he stood with my brother, and let God judge between us."

Naomi flung herself at his feet, clasping his hands, as if he held the keys of life and death.

"No, no, no!" she cried; "you would not be so cruel, so wicked—you, who condemn the shedder of blood?"

"I want the life of the man who slew my brother. So much the better if I can have it in an honorable manner. Yes, Naomi, we will meet as men of honor should, and let the righteous cause win."

"Arnold," she cried, "I thought you loved me."

The pathos of that cry awoke him. He bent over her as she knelt at his feet, resisting his effort to raise her, clinging to his knees in her agony, pleading as only women can plead for the love of their dearest.

"If I thought you loved me, and you would give me love for love," he said, with a sudden change to passionate tenderness, "I would spare his life; yes, let him go unpunished to the grave; yes, forget that I had an only and beloved brother. It is a mean offer, a miserable bargain, proving me selfish, dastardly; but I am human, and I love you. My love, my only love, answer me."

"Can you forgive me for being my father's daughter?"

"When I believed the worst of him, I loved you, and held you unsullied by his guilt."

"You must forgive him, Arnold. You would forgive him, if you knew as much as I do. He was not in his right senses on that awful day. I saw him go through the wood. Yes, I was there watching for him, fearing evil. His face has haunted me ever since. It was the face of a madman. It was my sin that caused all. Yes, Arnold mine. You do not know how vile I am. I gave my father the letter your brother wrote to my step-mother! A lover's letter, full of despairing love. *That* maddened him, as it had maddened me. He was not in his right mind that day. He has never been the same man since—gloomy, austere, set against those he had loved before. You cannot conceive how great a change there has been in him. We who have lived with him know and feel it. On my knees here, before God, I do not believe that my father was responsible for his acts that day."

Arnold raised her from his knees, and put her in the arm chair by the open window. She was almost fainting, but the brave spirit struggled with bodily weakness.

Arnold paced the room for a little while, deep in thought.

"What am I to do, Naomi?" he asked, at last. "I love you—would lay down my life for you; but I owe a duty to my brother. That is a solemn charge. He loved me—was so good to me. I have his letter summoning me home, full of affection, overflowing with generosity. What am I to do, Naomi? Counsel me, if you can. You loved him."

"Loved him? Yes; it was my love that made me mad with jealousy; it was my love that rose up against him and destroyed him. If you must have a life for his life, take mine. Yes, Arnold, take mine. I am most guilty. It was my jealousy that killed him."

"Naomi, we are all most miserable. I can do nothing; I feel myself tied and bound. Either way there are wrong and misery. I love you, [illegible] loving you. I have my brother's death to avenge, yet cannot bring myself to injure your father. Oh, my love, my love; your sad accusing face has haunted me ever since that night when you turned and looked at me at the chapel-door. What can I do?"

"Forgive," said Naomi, solemnly; "that is what the Gospel teaches us—to forgive our enemies, even the enemies who have injured those we love. We can never err in being merciful. 'How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seventy times seven.' That must mean pardon for wrongs man thinks unpardonable."

"You can teach me to believe anything, Naomi. I am like a child in your hands."

"May God teach you to judge and act wisely! He will not inspire you with thoughts of vengeance. He has said, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.' My unhappy father has suffered for his sin, and will continue to suffer till death brings him peace; but I know in my heart that God will forgive him."

"And if God can forgive, erring man should not be obstinately unforgiving. That is what you would say, Naomi. We have an illimitable faith in God's capacity to pardon, yet find it so hard, sinners as we are, to forgive a fellow-sinner. It is a dark problem."

"Pray that you may understand God's will, Arnold. He will lead and uphold you."

"No; earthly passion will sway me. It is my love for you urges me to forgive your father."

"I would have you act from a higher light. I will leave you to seek a better guidance," Naomi answered, with gentle reproachfulness.

She felt that her father was secure from any violence of Arnold's after this interview. She left him full of faith that the right guidance would come; that the vengeful spirit which had threatened Joshua with ruin and death would be calmed and appeased. She knew that Arnold loved her; and though all thoughts of herself were vague and secondary, at such a crisis of her father's fate, she was glad of Arnold's love, for her father's sake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOCOMOTIVE vs. SUPERSTITION.

When the Nicholas Railway was built, in 1848, from St. Petersburgh to Moscow, the work was done under contracts with American engineers, and the cars and engines were supplied from Baltimore by the famous establishment of the Winans Brothers. The Russian priests oppose every modern innovation and, of course, they were "down" on the railway. When the road was opened they determined to stop it, and so they went in force to a point on the road and set up a holy picture to stop the new work of the devil. The train came slowly along and the engineer, seeing the picture standing on the track, thought there must be a man behind it, and so came to a halt. The assembled multitude raised a shout and the priests called out that the saint was all-powerful and would prevail against wickedness. The officer in charge of the train came out and took a survey of the situation. Then he told the engineer to run back a quarter of a mile and bring the train to a halt. The shouting was redoubled and the priests were in the most rapturous delight. But their exultation was soon changed to grief as the master of ceremonies told the engineer, "Put on all steam and go ahead without regard to consequences." The engine went ahead and down fell the holy picture, torn and crushed by the wheels of an American locomotive. Modern civilization was triumphant and the priests and their followers no longer shouted in triumph.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

SATURDAY EVNENING POST CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

GOOD BOOKS,

WHICH ALL MAY READ,

Without Outlay of Money.

The list of books given below comprises works by some of the best known standard authors, which every person of a moderate degree of literary culture will desire to read.

It is only the beginning of our Library for the benefit of subscribers to this paper. Other works are to be added from time to time, as the encouragement given shall warrant, until it embraces a complete collection of the books the people want to read.

OUR OFFER.

The following is our offer, bringing the privilege within the reach of every one who will take a little pains:

To every person who will send us the names of four subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST, for one year, with the subscription price, $2 each, we will give the reading of any ten volumes he may select from our library, as published below, during the year.

The list of books wanted, selected from our list below, is to be sent at the time of forwarding the subscriptions. We will send the books, one at a time, post-paid, by mail, and allow one month for the perusal of each, at the end of which time it is to be returned to us for the benefit of others, and another one forwarded in its place. To buy these books would cost you from $12 to $15.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIBERS.

After you have sent in the first four subscribers, we will give the privilege of drawing five books additional for every two subscribers sent in at $2.00 each. Thus by getting sixteen subscribers, you can enjoy the reading of forty standard works during the year, which would cost $50 to $60.

The library privilege is given only when four subscribers have been sent.

We shall not object to the inducement being used in getting your four new subscribers, that you will allow them to share in the reading of the books, provided only that they be returned to us at the time stated and in good order. We desire that the use of our facilities be as wide as possible, and that as many as possible shall be benefitted thereby.

(See suggestions about Reading Clubs in another column.)

ANOTHER OFFER.

Some may prefer to have fewer books to keep as their own property. To such we will allow one volume as a premium, to be selected by them from the list below, for every two subscribers at $2 each.

CASH MEMBERSHIP.

We prefer that the books shall be taken for procuring new subscribers, but as we desire to place them within the reach of all [illegible] volumes from the list for $3 per year, so that if it is not practicable to get new subscribers, you can for $5 per year have the SATURDAY EVENING POST and the reading of $15 worth of books.

The above are special and distinct offers, separate from the clubbing terms offered in another place. Those who prefer can still have the privilege of clubbing to secure the lower subscription rates there offered as an inducement—the margin is too low to allow the library privileges except for full subscription rates.

LIST OF BOOKS.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

1—Pickwick.
2—Oliver Twist and Christmas Stories.
3—Dombey and Son.
4—Martin Chuzzlewit.
5—Our Mutual friend.
6—Curiosity Shop and American Notes.
7—Nicholas Nickleby.
8—David Copperfield.
9—Barnaby Rudge and Edwin Drood.
10—Little Dorrit.
11—Tale of Two Cities, Hard Times and Additional Christmas Stories.
12—Bleak House.
13—Great Expectations and Sketches by Boz.

14—In the Days of My Youth. By Amelia B. Edwards.
15—Charlotte Ackerman. By Otto Muller.
16—The Cross of Berny. By Mme. de Girardin. Mm. Gautier, Sandeau and Mery.
17—The Son of an Organ Grinder. By Maria Sophie Schwartz.
18—The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax.
19—Valentine, the Countess. By Carl Detlef.
20—Chaste as Ice and Pure as Snow. By Mrs. M. C. Despard.
21—Gentianella. By Mrs. Randolph.
22—Knickerbocker. A Story of Exmoor. By G. J. Whyte Melville.
23—Oldbury. By Annie Keary.
24—No Alternative. By Annie Thomas.
25—Gerda. By Marie Sophie Schwartz.
26—At Capri. A Story of Italian Life. By Carl Detlef.
27—Afraja; or, Life and Love in Norway. From the German of Theodore Mugge.
28—Castle Daly. By Annie Keary.
29—A Marriage in High Life. By Octave Feuillet.
30—On Dangerous Ground; or, Agatha's Friendship. By Mrs. Bloomfield Moore.
31—An Odd Couple. By Mrs. Oliphant.
32—The Prime Minister. By Anthony Trollope.
33—Tales of the Argonauts, and other Stories. By Bret Harte.
34—The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
35—The House of the Seven Gables. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
36—The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.
37—A Chance Acquaintance. By D. Howells.
38—Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes.
39—Stories of Exile.
40— " " Intellect.
41— " " Tragedy.
42— " " Life.
43— " " Laughter.
44— " " Love.
45— " " Romance.
46— " " Mystery.
47— " " Comedy.
48— " " Childhood.
49— " " Heroism.
50— " " Fortune.

The above 12 volumes are a collection of stories and sketches by the best authors, published under the title of "Little Classics." They include some of the choicest writings of E. Bulwer Lytton, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Edgar A. Poe, W. D. Howells, Bret Harte, etc., etc.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

51—Adam Bede.
52—Daniel Deronda, Vol. 1.
53— " " " 2.
54—Felix Holt.
55—Middlemarch, Vol. 1.
56— " " 2.
57—Romola.
58—Scenes of Clerical Life and Silas Marner.
59—The Mill on the Floss.

LIBRARY OF WONDERS.

60—Wonders of Optics.—By F. Marion.
61— " " Thunder and Lightning. By W. De Fonville.
62— " " Heat. By Achille Cazin.
63— " " Intelligence of Animals. By Ernest Menaut.
64— " " Egypt 3000 Years Ago. By F. DeLanoye.
65— " " Adventures on the Great Hunting Grounds of the World. By Victor Meunier.
66— " " Pompeii and the Pompeiians. By Marc Monnier.
67— " " The Sun. By Amedee Guillemin.
68—Wonders of Glass-Making. By A. Sanzay.
69— " " The Sublime in Nature. By F. De Lanoye.
70— " " Architecture. By M. Lefevre.
71— " " Of the Human Body. By A. Le Pileur.
72— " " Acoustics. By R. Radau.
73— " " The Bottom of the Sea. By N. Sourel.
74— " " Balloon Ascents. By F. Marion.
75— " " Bodily Strength and Skill. By G. Depping.
76— " " Escapes. By F. Bernard.
77— " " The Heavens. By Charles Flammarion.
78— " " Italian Art. By Louis Viardot.
79— " " European Art. By Louis Viardot.
80— " " Meteors. By Zurcher and Margolle.
81— " " Vegetation. By Marion and Prof. Schele De Vere.
82— " " Electricity. By Baille and Dr. J. W. Armstrong.
83— " " Water. By Gaston Tissandier.
84— " " The Moon. By Amedee Guillemin.
85— " " Engraving. By George Duplessis.
86— " " Sculpture. By Louis Viardot.
87— " " Arms and Armor. By M. P. Lacombe.
88— " " Mountain Adventures. By J. T. Headley.
89— " " Diamonds and Precious Stones. By Louis Dieulafait.
90—Japan in Our Day. Compiled by Bayard Taylor.
91—Wild Men and Wild Beasts. By Lieut.-Col. Gordon Cumming.
92—Travels in Arabia. Compiled by Bayard Taylor.
93—Travels in South Africa. Compiled by Bayard Taylor.
94—Wonders of the Yellowstone. Compiled by James Richardson.
95—The Lake Regions of Central Africa. Compiled by Bayard Taylor.
96—Central Asia. Compiled by Bayard Taylor.
97—Siam, The Land of White Elephants. Compiled by George B. Bacon.
98—Jules Verne's Stories of Adventures.
99—Tilcomb's Letters to Young People. By Dr. J. G. Holland.
100—Bitter-Sweet. A Poem by Dr. J. G. Holland.

In making out the list of such books as are wanted, use the numbers only.

Address all communications and make all orders payable to

BENNETT & FITCH,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

REVIEWS.

THE READING CLUB, No. 4. Edited by George M. Baker. A good selection of readings and recitations in prose and poetry for elocutionary practice and social entertainment. (Boston, Lee & Shepard.)

Wide Awake, for December. This favorite juvenile magazine is bright with fresh stories, sketches, instructive articles and admirably executed engravings, which make it welcome to the young people. The story of Cinderella especially is beautifully illustrated. (Boston, D. Lathrop & Co.)

THE YOUNG TRAIL HUNTERS.—In this volume for young people, the author, Samuel Wadsworth Cozzens, describes the adventures of a small party on their journey across the country from Texas to San Diego, California. There are Indian and hunting adventures enough to keep up interest, and much information is communicated of the ways of that part of the world, in a style to be remembered. (Boston, Lee & Shepard.)

ROBERT S. RANTOUL, formerly of Massachusetts, now [illegible], sends us a neatly printed pamphlet containing a full report of the Centennial celebration held in that city by American residents July 4th, 1876. Patriotic speeches of a high order, the principal one by Mr. Rantoul, poems, songs, and a grand dinner, with the usual accompaniments of toasts and responses, fitly commemorated the eventful day.

ILLUSTRATED CYCLOPEDIA OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. This work now being issued in numbers by W. H. Barnes & Co., 726 Sansom street, Philadelphia, will contain biographies of the Executive, Supreme Court and Senate of the United States for four years, ending March, 1877. The specimens received contain fine steel engraved portraits of the Judges of the Supreme Court. The condensed biographies are ably written. The mechanical execution of the work is very superior.

RARE GOOD LUCK, by R. E. Francillon, No. 54 of Appleton's Library of Choice Novels. A rare tissue of improbabilities so skillfully woven as to be highly entertaining. The hero and the villain and their loves are mixed up almost inextricably with the misdeeds of their progenitors and a menagerie plays a prominent part; a pet tiger makes things especially lively. Here and there is a genuine touch of nature which shows the hand of a skillful artist. Just the book to beguile weary hours, which will pass quickly in its perusal. (New York, D. Appleton & Co.)

THE *Popular Science Monthly* for December is, as usual, full of interest for those who desire to know what is being done in the Scientific World. "Fermentation and its Bearings on the Phenomena of Disease," by Tyndall, will be read with great interest. "Protection of Buildings from Lightning," by Prof. J. Clerk Maxwell, is a valuable practical article; also "The Laws of Health," by Thomas Bond, F. R. C. S. No publication is worthy of wider consideration than this. (New York, D. Appleton & Co.)

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.—From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Corinne, by Madame de Stael; from W. B. Zieber, Blackwood's Magazine for November.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—From S. T. Gordon & Son, New York. Norah Acushla—Yes it is True—Give Me a Jolly Fellow—Maggie with the Soft Brown Hair—Praise the Lord—Have You Forgotten Me, Darling?—Salut a New York, Valse de Salon—Linden Grove Polka—Sans Ceremonie Galop, Tramway.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston. The Mill Wheel, solo and accompaniment—Raymonds Organ Gems, Selections from Mozart's 7th Mass; The Old Oaken Bucket; America—She Said She'd be my Bride—My Angel Bird—Bloom in my Heart, Lovely Rose—All the Earth is Glad Again, a Christmas Anthem—Tyrolienne, one of Raymond's Organ Gems—Thoughts of Thee, for Piano—Wait a Wee and Diuna Weary—"Here am I, Send Me," a sacred song.

From G. D. Russell & Co., Boston, Mass.—Comin' Thro' the Rye, with Variations—Les Feuilles d'Automne—Marguerite—Charles Machree—Happy Hottentots' Schottische—Milkmaid's Song—The Dream, English and German words.

CONVERSATION.—A celebrated author says: "If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have a good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them."

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER will pass the winter in Switzerland, on the borders of Lake Geneva.

THE Hon. Caleb Cushing will remain in this country until early in December, when he will return to his post at Madrid, Spain.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE, author, and Robert Heller, the magician and pianist, arrived from Europe on the "Britannic" on Saturday last.

THE last male descendant in the direct line from John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts, is Colonel John Winthrop, now a resident of Newport.

VICTOR HUGO is reported by a correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* to be one of the stingiest of mortals, although worth more than half a million dollars.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the Nestor of British statesmen, entered upon his eighty-ninth year on August 18. He had been a member of Parliament since 1813.

THE Rev. Dr. Storrs was offered as a gift by a New York Millionaire a handsome furnished residence if he would become pastor of the Brick Church. The offer was declined.

THE real Arthur Orton is reported to have been discovered at last under the *alias* of Alfred Smith, an inmate of the lunatic asylum on the banks of the Parramatta River, within fifteen miles of Sydney.

BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN sailed recently for Liberia with about forty freedmen who have determined to settle in that colony. Bishop Haven will make an extended tour of the African coast previous to his return.

REV. MATTHIAS H. RICHARDS, pastor of the Lutheran Church, Indianapolis, Ind., has accepted the professorship of belles-lettres at Muhlenburg College, Allentown. He was graduated at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in 1850.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, now in his thirty-eighth year, is the grandson of Sir John Swinburne, who died at the age of ninety-eight. Mr. Swinburne's father is an admiral in the British service, and his mother is the daughter of an earl.

PROFESSOR TENNEY, of Williams College, has announced his intention of making an expedition to Labrador next summer, taking with him any students who desire to accompany him. The expedition will start about the first of July and will return about the last of September.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING is now in his sixty-fifth year, and is full of vitality and vivacity. He is of medium height, erect and broad-shouldered. His hair and beard are white, his large gray eyes have youth in them still. He is a bright companion, a teller of comical stories, and as a talker not at all given to the incomprehensible.

MISS MARY FLETCHER, of Burlington, Vt., has just given $150,000 to found a public hospital, bearing her name, in that city—$50,000 for buildings, and $100,000 for a permanent endowment. Among the nine directors are to be Senator J. S. Morrill, Ex-Governor J. W. Stewart, Torry E. Wales and President M. H. Buckham of Burlington University.

ALFRED TENNYSON, now sixty-six years old, is described as being in his prime. He is six feet high, broad shouldered, and large-boned, but not corpulent. His hands and feet are enormous. His hair is long, and very black, and his complexion olive. Buchanan Read, at one time speaking of Tennyson's personal appearance, called him a dilapidated Jupiter.

GIBSON, the famous sculptor had a curious faith in mystic numbers, especially three and seven. When Harriet Hosmer, a favorite pupil, once asked him why he carried an empty box on his tours he answered: "Well, you see, Miss Hatty, my valise counts one, my carpet-bag makes two, and I take my hat-box to complete the trio. I always travel with three pieces."

MR. Richard Grant White is visiting London, and has received a good many attentions not only in the literary society of that metropolis but from members of that nobility. He was expected to take the chair at the first meeting of the Shakspeare Society and reply to Lee, as to the share of the poet in the composition of the three parts of "Henry VI."

THE London papers report the death of Ossian E. Dodge, whose sketches of Palestine, Egypt and Assyria, under the *nom de plume* of "Ivan Ort," have attracted much attention in Europe. Mr. Dodge was well known in musical, dramatic and literary circles in this country, and gained notoriety some years ago by his purchase of a single ticket to Jenny Lind's first concert in Boston for five hundred dollars. He was but forty-seven years of age.

MR. LYMAN JENNINGS, of Athol, Mass., has given 9,000 to that town under somewhat singular conditions. He is to be paid the sum of $450 a year during his life, and after his death his wife is to receive $180, and his three children, Mary, Nathan and Addie, $120 a year each during their lives. The property is then to revert to the town. Although these conditions make the gift a kind of life investment for Mr. Jennings and his family, the town has decided to accept it.

A PRETTY anecdote is told of Queen Victoria and Mendelssohn. A short time before his death, visiting at the palace, he sat down to the piano and played accompaniments while the Queen sang some of his songs. When he rose to go, the Queen asked what she could do for him. Instead of asking for any position or emolument as her Majesty perhaps expected, he expressed a wish to see the nursery, and they spent a pleasant hour in talking about the children.

BALZAC, the French novelist, at one portion of his strange career did the work of three men. He slept in the afternoon, and then wrote from seven in the evening to seven in the morning. "One must turn out copy all night," he said, "to reach the results at which I aim." The aim was to cover as much paper as possible. He undertook to furnish 32 columns for the papers in one month. Coffee was a stimulant for a while but lost its effect and his nervous system became disordered.

THE family of Sir Isaac Newton is (the "Academy" says) at the present day represented by the Earl of Portsmouth, whose ancestor married a daughter of the philosopher's niece, and a large mass of Newton's manuscripts have been carefully preserved at Hurstbourne. We are informed that the noble owner has recently submitted these papers to the inspection of Professor Adams and other Cambridge men of science, with a view of presenting to the university such as are of purely scientific interest.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP is one of the few men now living who can claim a personal intimacy with Daniel Webster. In Mr. Winthrop's address at the unveiling of the Webster statue, he speaks of being in the crowd that listened with admiration to the oration on laying the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, and to the splendid eulogy on Adams and Jefferson in Faneuil Hall. Mr. Winthrop was a student in the law office of the Great Expounder, and from 1840 to 1850 was associated with him in Congress.

MISS FARMAN, the editor of the juvenile magazine *Wide Awake*, has made practical an excellent idea. She has arranged a Doll's Fair, where dolls shall be exhibited and afterwards given as Christmas presents to the sick children in hospitals all over the country. Other advantages belong to this fair. The dolls must all be dressed by girls under 15 years old. Ten premiums are offered for the best cut and the best sewed suits; and after the awards are made, the dolls will be distributed to the children who need them.

MAJOR JOHN G. WEIGLER died at his home in Charleston township, Chester county, last week, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. Born during the dark days of the Revolutionary War, he lived to see the full fruition of the hopes for which our fathers struggled. In the War of 1812 he served his country first as a captain and afterwards as major of volunteers. In 1810 he was made deputy sheriff of the county, and from 1818 to 1821 he was Prothonotary and Clerk of the courts, receiving his appointment from the Governor of the State.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was not extravagant in his price for his platform service twenty years ago, according to a letter he wrote to a committee: "My terms for a lecture, when I stay over night, are these: Fifteen dollars and expenses, a room with a fire in it, a public house, and a mattress to sleep on—not a feather bed. As you write in your individual capacity, I tell you at once all my habitual exigencies. I am afraid to sleep in a cold room; I can't sleep on a feather-bed; I will not go to private houses, and I have fixed upon the sum mentioned as what it is worth to me to go away for the night to places that cannot pay more."

QUICK RELIEF FROM CROUP is afforded by DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, the old family stand-by for Coughs and Colds, Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections.

A STERLING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge man from his manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May bedothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feelings—
Satin vests can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown.
God, who counts by soul, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest kinds are men:
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thoughts and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In man's ennobling name.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same:
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom,
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Scorn's wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right.
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Links oppression with its titles
But as gabbles in the sea.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

(This story was commenced in No. 72, Vol. 28. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XVII.

HATEFUL JEALOUSY.

Frank Raynor made the best of his way across the windy plain, leaving the moans and shrieks behind him, and lifted the latch of Dame Bell's door. She stood at the table, ironing by candle-light, her feet upon an old mat to keep them from the draught of the door. Frank, making himself at home as usual, sat down by the ironing board, telling her to go on with her occupation, and inquired into her ailments.

"You ought not to have taken the journey, mother," said Frank, promptly, when the questions and answers were over. "Travelling is not good for you."

"But I could not help taking it," returned Dame Bell, shaking out a coarse whitey-brown shirt belonging to one of her lodgers, and beginning upon its wristbands. "When Rosaline never came home, and paid no attention to my ordering her to come, it was time I went after her, to bring her back."

"She has not come back?"

"No, she has not," retorted Dame Bell, ironing away at so vicious a rate that it seemed a marvel the wristbands did not come off the shirt. "I couldn't get her to come, Mr. Frank. Cords wouldn't have dragged her. Of all the idiots!—to let those Whistlers frighten her away from a place for good, like that!"

"The Whistlers?" mechanically repeated Frank, his eyes following the progress of the ironing.

"It's they Whistlers, and nothing else," said Mrs. Bell. "I didn't send word to her or her aunt that I was on the road to Falmouth; I thought I'd take 'em by surprise. And I declare to you, Mr. Frank, I hardly believed my eyes when I saw Rosaline. It did give me a turn. I was that shocked—"

"But why?" interrupted Frank.

"She's just as thin as a herring. You wouldn't know her, sir. When I got to the place, there was John Pellet's shop-window all alight with a big gas flame inside, a-lighting up the tins and fire-irons, and that, which he shows in it. I opened the side door, and went straight up the stairs to the room overhead, knowing I should most likely find Rosaline there, for it's the room my sister (Pellet's wife) does her millinery work in. My sister was there, standing up with her back to me, a bonnet lodged on each of her two outstretched hands, as if she was comparing the blue bows in one with the pink bows in t'other; and close at the middle table, putting some flowers in another bonnet, was a young woman in black. I didn't know her at first. The gas was right on her face, but I didn't know her. She looked straight over at me, and I thought what a white and thin and pretty face it was, with large violet eyes and dark circles round 'em; but as true as you are there, Mr. Frank, I didn't know her for Rosaline. 'Mother!' says she, standing up; and I a'most fell down on the nearest chair. 'Whatever has come to you, child?' I says, as she steps round to kiss me; 'you look as though you had one foot in the grave, and the other out of it.' At that she turns as red as a rose; and what with the bright color, and the smile she gave, she looked a little more like herself. But there; if I talked till I tired you, sir, I could make out no more than that; she's looking desperately ill and wretched, and she won't come home again."

Frank made no rejoinder. The ironing went on vigorously, and Mrs. Bell's narrative with it.

"All I could say was of no use; back with me she'd not consent to come. All her aunt could say was of no use. For when she found how lonely I was at home here, and how much I wanted Rosaline, my sister, though loth to part with her, said nature was nature, and a girl should not go against her mother. But no persuasion would bring Rosaline to reason; she'd live with me, and glad to, she said, if I'd go and stay at Falmouth, but she could not come back to Trennach. Pellet and Pellet's wife both tried to turn her; all in vain."

"Did she give any reason for not coming?" questioned Frank; and one, more observant than Dame Bell, might have been struck with the low, subdued tone he spoke in.

"She didn't give any reason, of her own accord, Mr. Frank, but I got it out of her. 'What has Trennach done to you, and what has the old house on the Plain done to you, that you should be frightened at it?' I said to her. For it's easy enough to be gathered that she is frightened in her mind, Mr. Frank, and Pellet's wife had noticed the same ever since she went there. 'Don't say such things, mother,' says she, 'it is nothing.' 'But I will say it,' says I to her, 'and I know what the cause of it is—just the fright you got that Tuesday night from they Seven Whistlers, and a fear that you might hear them again if you came back; and a fine simpleton you must be for your pains!' And so she is."

"Ah yes, the Seven Whistlers," repeated Frank, absently.

"She could not contradict me. She only bursts into tears and begs of me not to talk of 'em.' Not talk, indeed! I could have shook her, I could!"

"We cannot always help our fears," said Frank.

"But for a girl to let the sounds (which nobody yet has found out the top or the tail of, or what they be) scare her out of house and home and country, is downright folly," pursued Dame Bell, unable to relinquish the theme, and splitting the button of the shirt collar in two at one stroke of the hasty iron. "And she must fright and fret herself into a skeleton besides!—Bother take those bone buttons! they be always a-snapping—But there," she resumed, in an easier tone, after folding the shirt, "I suppose she can't help it. Her father was just as much afraid of 'em. He never had an atom o' fresh color in his face from the Sunday night he heard they Whistlers till the Tuesday night when he disappeared. It had a curious grey look on it all the while."

Frank rose. He remembered the grey look well enough. "If Rosaline likes Falmouth best she is better there, Mrs. Bell. I should not press her to return."

"If pressing would do any good, she'd get her share of it," rejoined Mrs. Bell, obstinately. "But it won't. I did press, for the matter of that. When I'd done pressing on my own score, I put it on the score of her father. 'Don't you care to be at home to welcome your poor lost father when he gets back to it—for back he's sure to come,' says I, 'sooner or later;' and I'm sure my eyes ran down tears as I spoke. But no; she just turned as white as the grave, Mr. Frank, and shook her head in a certain solemn way of hers, which she must have picked up at Falmouth; and I saw it was of no use, though I talked till doomsday. There she stops, and there she will stop, and I must make the best of it. And I wish the evil Whistlers had been in the sea!"

Frank was in a hurry to depart; but she went on again, after taking breath.

"She is earning money there, and her aunt is glad to have her and takes care of her, and she says she never saw any girl so expert with her fingers and display such taste as Rosaline. But that don't mend the matter here, Mr. Frank, and is no excuse for her being such a goose. 'Come and take a room at Falmouth, mother,' says she, when I was leaving. But I'd like to know what a poor body like me could do in that strange place."

"Well, good evening, Mrs. Bell," said Frank, escaping to the door.

But the loquacious tongue had not finished yet.

"When I was coming back in the train, Mr. Frank, the thought kept running into my mind that perhaps Bell would have got home while I'd been away; and when I looked round the empty house, and he wasn't here, I had a queer feeling of disappointment. Do you think he ever will come, sir?"

Some "queer feeling" seemed to take Frank at the question, and stop his breath. He spoke a few words indistinctly in answer. But Mrs. Bell did not catch them.

"And whether it was through that—the expecting to see him and the consequent disappointment—I don't know, Mr. Frank; but since then I can't get him out of my mind. Day and night, Bell is in it. I'm beginning to dream of him; and that's what I've not done yet. Nancy Tomson says that's a good sign. Should you say it was, sir?"

"I—really don't know," was Frank's unsatisfactory reply. And he succeeded in making his exit with the words.

"I told she'd not bring up her husband to me!" he cried to himself, lifting his hat that his brow might get a little of the fresh wind, which blew less fiercely under these cottages. "Somehow she nearly always does do it. I hate to cross the threshold of charming weather and calm blue skies. The day, fixed for the departure of Mrs. St. Clare from the Mount, came and passed, and she was still in her home, and likely to be in it for some time to come. "Man proposes, but Heaven disposes." Every day of our lives, we learn fresh proofs of that great fact.

On the very day of Daisy's impromptu wedding, her sister Lydia showed herself more than usually ailing and grumbling. She felt cold and shivery, and sat in the pink cloak all day. The next morning she seemed really ill, not fancifully so, was hot and cold alternately; and Dr. Raynor was sent for. The attack turned out to be one of fever. Not as yet of infectious fever—and Dr. Raynor hoped he should prevent its going on to that. But it was rather severe, and required careful watching and nursing.

Of course their departure for foreign lands was out of the question. They could not leave the Mount. Mrs. St. Clare, who was very anxious, for she dreaded infectious fever more than anything else, spent most of her time in Lydia's room. Once in a way, Frank Raynor appeared at the Mount in his uncle's place. Dr. Raynor was given fully to understand that his own attendance was requested, not his nephew's; but he himself was getting to feel worse day by day; he could not always get over, walking or riding; and on those occasions Frank went instead. Mrs. St. Clare allowed what, as it appeared, there was no remedy for, and was coldly civil to the young doctor.

But this illness of Lydia's, and Mrs. St. Clare's close attendance in her room, gave more liberty to Daisy. Scarcely an evening passed but she, unsuspected and unwatched, was pacing the shrubberies and the secluded parts of that wilderness of a garden with him—Frank Raynor. There, arm in arm, they walked, and talked together of the hopeful future; and the hours seemed to be enchanted, and to fly on golden wings.

"Love took up the glass of time, and turned
It in his glowing hands,
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself to
golden sands.
Love took up the harp of life, and smote on
all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling,
passed with music out of sight."

Whatever of reality, of fruition, the future might bring forth, it could never be to them what this present time was, when they wandered together in the sweet moonlight, with the scent of the night flowers around them, and the soft sighing wind, and the heart's romance.

Never an evening but Daisy stole out to watch from the sheltered gate for the coming of her lover; scarcely an evening that Frank failed to come. When he did fail, it was unavoidable. Daisy would linger and linger on, waiting and watching, even when all sensible hope of his coming must have died out; and when compelled to return indoors with a reluctant step, she would think fate cruel with her, and sigh heavily.

"The time may come when we shall live with each other and be together always, in place of just this little evening walk up and down the paths—and oh! how I wish the time was come!" would say poor Daisy to her own heart.

One evening it was Daisy who failed to be at the trysting-place. Lydia was getting better, was able to sit up a little, morning and evening. The greatest danger, feared for her, had been prevented; and under her own good constitution—for she had one, in spite of her grumblings and imaginary ailments—and Dr. Raynor's successful treatment, she was recovering rapidly. This evening, lying back in an easy chair, it had pleased her to order Daisy to read to her. Daisy complied willingly; she was ever more ready to help Lydia than Lydia was to accept her help; but when a considerable spell of reading had been gone through, and the room was growing dim, Daisy, coming to the end of a chapter, closed the book.

"What's that for?" asked Lydia, sharply, whose fractiousness was coming back to her with her advance towards convalescence. "Read on, please."

"It is getting dusk," said Daisy.

"Dusk for that large print!—nonsense," retorted Lydia. The book was a popular novel, and she felt interested in it.

"I am tired, Lydia: you don't consider how long I have been reading," cried Daisy, fretting inwardly; for the twilight hour was her lover's signal for approach, and she knew he must be already waiting for her.

"You have only read since dinner," debated Lydia; "not much more than an hour I'm sure. Go on."

So Daisy was obliged to go on. She dared not display too much anxiety to get away, lest it might betray to them that she had some motive for wishing it. A secret makes us terribly self-conscious. But by-and-by it did really become too dark to see even the large print of the fashionable novel of the present day, and Lydia exhibited signs of weariness: and Mrs. St. Clare, who had been dozing in another arm-chair, woke up and said Lydia must not listen longer. Daisy ran down to the yellow-room, and sped swiftly through the open glass doors.

It was nearly as dark as it would be. The stars were shining; a lovely opal color, fading below into green, lingered yet in the west. Frank Raynor, hands in pockets, and whistling softly under his breath, stood in the sheltered walk. A broadish walk, where the trees met overhead. Daisy flung herself into his arms, and burst into tears. Tried almost beyond bearing by her forced detention, it was thus her emotion, combined perhaps with a little temper, explained itself.

"Why, Daisy! What in the world is the matter?"

"Never mind, my darling, now you have come."

"I thought you would go away; I feared you might think I forgot, or something," sighed Daisy.

"As if I could think that! Dry your eyes, my dear one."

Stealing her arm within his own, Frank led her forward, and they began, as usual, to pace the walk. It was their favorite promenade; for it was so retired and sheltered that they felt pretty safe from intruders. There, linked arm-in-arm, or with Frank's arm round her waist, as might be, they paced to and fro! the friendly stars, like twinkling silver, shine down upon them through the branches overhead.

Their theme was ever the same—the future. The hopeful future, that to their eyes looked brighter than those glistening stars. What was it for them, and how might they, in their enthusiasm, plan it out? In what manner could Frank best proceed, so as to secure speedily a home-tent, and be able to declare to the world that he and Margaret St. Clare had spent a quarter of an hour in the grey old church at Trennach one windy morning, when he had earned the right to take her away with him and cherish her life.

To this end the whole of their consultations tended; on this one desirable project all their deliberations centred. The sooner Frank could get away at Trennach, the sooner (as they both so cheerily believed) it would be realized. Never a shadow of doubt crossed either of them in regard to it. Frank was too sanguine, Daisy too inexperienced, to see any dubious clouds. The days to come were to be days of brightness; [illegible] of [illegible] scious that such days never come back after the swift passing of life's fair first morning.

"You see, Daisy, the delay is not my fault," spoke Frank. "My uncle has been so very unwell this last week or two, that I don't like to urge the change upon him. Only to-day I said to him, 'You know I am waiting to leave you, Uncle Hugh,' and his reply was, 'Don't speak of it just immediately, Frank; let things be as they are a very little longer.' While he is feeling so ill, I scarcely like to worry him."

"Of course not," said Daisy. "And as long as I can walk about here with you every evening, Frank, I don't care how long things go on as they do now. It was different when I feared mamma was going to carry me off to the end of the world. It was only that fear, you know, Frank, that made me consent to do what I did that morning. I'm sure I tremble yet when I think how wrong and hazardous it was. Anybody might have come into the church."

"Where's your wedding-ring, Daisy?" he asked; and it may as well be said that he had never told her somebody did come in.

"Here," she answered, touching the bosom of her dress. "It is always there, Frank."

"I have written to-day to a friend of mine in London, Daisy, asking him if he knew of any good opening for me—or of any old practitioner in a first-class quarter who may be likely to want some younger man to help him. I daresay I shall get an answer, with some news in it, in a day or two."

"I daresay you will. Who is he, Frank?"

"A young fellow named Crisp, with the best heart in the world. He——"

A sudden clutching of his arm by Daisy, just after they had turned in their walk; a visible shrinking of her frame, as if she would hide herself behind him; and a faint idea that he saw some slight movement of the foliage at the other end of the avenue, stopped Frank's further words.

"Did you see, Frank?" she whispered. "Did you see?"

"I fancied something stirred, down yonder. What was it?"

"It was Tabitha. I am certain of it. I saw her the moment we turned. She might have been watching us ever so long; all the way up the walk. Oh, Frank, what shall I do? She will go in and tell mamma."

"Let her," said Frank. "The worst she can say is, that we were walking arm-in-arm and talking confidentially. I cannot think why you need be so fearful, Daisy. Your mother must know that we do meet out here, and tacitly sanction it. She used to know it, and sanction it too."

Daisy sighed. Yes, she thought her mother might, at any rate, suspect that they met. It was not so much *that* which Daisy feared. But, the one private act she had been guilty of lay heavily on her conscience; and she was ever haunted with the dread that any fresh movement would lead to its betrayal.

Saying good-night to each other, for it was growing late, Frank departed, and Daisy went in. Her mother was shut up in the drawing-room, and she went on straight to her sister's chamber. There an unpleasant scene awaited her. Lydia, not yet in bed—for she had refused to go, and had abused Tabitha for urging it, lay back still in the easy chair. Could looks have annihilated, Daisy would certainly have sunk from those cast on her by Lydia, as she entered.

And then the storm began. Lydia reproached her in no measured terms, and with utter scorn of tone and manner, for the "clandestine intimacy," as she was pleased to call it, that she, Daisy, was carrying on with Frank Raynor.

It appeared that after the candles were lighted, and Mrs. St. Clare had gone down, Lydia, declining to go to bed and wanting to be amused, required Daisy to read to her again. Tabitha was sent in search of Daisy, and came back saying she could not find her anywhere; she was not downstairs, she was not in her chamber. "Go and look in the garden, you stupid thing," retorted Lydia; "you know Miss Daisy's forever out there." Tabitha—who was a meek woman in demeanor, and took abuse humbly—went to the garden as directed, searched about, and at length came upon Miss Daisy in the avenue, pacing it on the arm of Mr. Raynor. Back she went and reported it to Lydia. And now Lydia was reproaching her.

"To suffer yourself to meet that man clandestinely after night has fallen!" reiterated Lydia. "And to stay out with him!—and to hang upon his arm! You disgraceful girl! And when, all the while, he does not care one jot for *you!* He loves somebody else."

Daisy had received the tirade on herself in silence, but she fired up at this. "You have no right to say *that*, Lydia," she cried. "Whether he loves me, or not, I shall not say, but at any rate, he does not love anybody else."

"Yes, he does," affirmed Lydia.

"He does not," fired Daisy. "If he does, who is it?"

"Nobody in his own station—more shame to him!"—It is that girl they call so beautiful—who lost her father. Rose—Rose—what's the name?—Rosaline Bell. Frank Raynor loves her with his whole heart and soul!"

"Lydia, how dare you say such a thing?"

"I don't say it. I only repeat it. Ask Trennach. It is known all about the place. They used to be always together—walking on the bare plain at night. The girl is gone away for a time; and the gentleman, during her absence, amuses himself with you. Makes love to you to keep his hand in."

Daisy's heart turned sick and faint within her. Not at Lydia's supreme sarcasm, but at the horrible conviction that there must be something in the tale. She remembered that past evening at the dinner-table—and the recollection came rushing into her mind like a barbed dart—when Sir Arthur Beauchamp and others were questioning Frank about this very girl and her beauty, and she—Daisy—had been struck with the emotion he betrayed; with his evidently shrinking manner, with the changing hue of his face. Did he in truth love this girl, Rosaline Bell?—and was she so very beautiful?

"How did you hear this, Lydia?" asked Daisy, in a tone from which all spirit was quenched.

"I heard it from Tabitha. She knows all about it. You can ask her for yourself."

And Daisy did ask. As it chanced, the maid at that moment entered the room with some beef tea for Lydia; and Daisy, suppressing her pride and reticence, condescended to question her. Tabitha answered freely and readily, as if there was nothing in the subject to conceal, and with a palpable belief in its truth that told terribly upon Daisy. In fact, the woman did herself implicitly believe it. Mr. Blase Pellet had once favored her with his version of the story, and Tabitha never supposed that that version existed in Mr. Pellet's own suspicious imagination, and in that alone.

"I—don't think it can be *true*, Tabitha," faltered poor Daisy, her heart beating wildly. "She was not a lady."

"It's true enough, Miss Margaret. Blase Pellet wanted her for himself, but she'd have nothing to say to him—or to anybody else except Mr. Raynor. Pellet is related to the Bells, and knew all about it. What he said to me was this: 'Raynor's after her for ever, day and night, and she worships the ground he treads on! Those were his very words, Miss Margaret."

Margaret, turning hot and cold, and red and white, made her escape from the room and took refuge in her own. In that first moment of awakening, she felt as though her heart must burst with its bitter pain. Jealousy, baleful jealousy, had taken possession of her; and there is no other passion in this life that can prey upon our bosoms so relentlessly, or touch them with so keen a sting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. PELLET IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Trennach churchyard was a lonely place at all times; but it looked particularly so in the twilight of a dull evening. The trees took fantastic shapes to the eye; the grave-mounds and the head-stones reminded you unpleasantly that you yourself must sometime lie beneath them.

Especially grey was the skies that evening; for, though it was summer weather, the day had been a very dull day; and Mr. Blase Pellet, sitting in the middle of the churchyard on the old stump of a cut-down tree, looked grey and gloomy as the weather and the graves.

Since the departure from Trennach of Rosaline Bell—for whom Mr. Blase Pellet did undoubtedly entertain a fond and earnest affection, whatever might be his shortcomings generally—he had found his evenings hours, when the chemist's shop was closed for the night, hang heavily on his hands. With the absence of Rosaline, the two chief relaxations in which Mr. Blase employed his leisure were gone, namely, the cunning contrivings to meet her, either at her home or abroad; and his watching the movements of Frank Raynor. The young man's jealousy of the latter and Rosaline burnt as fiercely as ever, tormenting him to a most unreasonable degree; though, indeed, when was jealousy over amenable to reason? There was no longer any personal intercourse between Frank Raynor and Rosaline; Blase knew quite well that could not be, for Frank was here and she was at Falmouth; but he had felt as sure, ever since she went, that their intercourse was continued by letter, as that he was now sitting on the stump of the tree.

Jealousy needs no proof to confirm it; our great master-intellect has told us that it makes the food it feeds on. And upon this airy kind of substantial food had Mr. Pellet been nourishing his suspicions of the mutual correspondence—which existed in his imagination alone. He had watched the postman in a morning, he had waylaid him, and by apparently artless questions had got him to disclose to whom the letter was addressed, which he had just left at Dr. Raynor's; and the less proof he could find of the suspected correspondence, the brighter did his untenable jealousy burn. For it was not often the postman could say the letter which he might have chanced to leave at the Doctor's house was for Mr. Frank Raynor. Sometimes it would be for the Doctor himself, sometimes for Miss Raynor; but very rarely for Frank. Frank's correspondence did not seem to be an extensive one. This might possibly have satisfied an ordinary young man; it only tended to strengthen Mr. Blase Pellet's raging doubts; and now, on this ill-favored evening, those doubts had received "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ."

Since there could be no longer love-meetings of his own to seek, or surreptitious dodgings of other people to pursue, Mr. Blase Pellet was rather at a loss to know what to do with his evenings. To render him justice, it must be admitted that he did not follow the Trennach fashion, and spend them at the Golden Shaft. He was a steady young man; in some respects better than many of his neighbors. Finding the hours hang on his hands, he took to look in unceremoniously at the houses of his acquaintance, and pass an interlude in chat more or less agreeable. On this evening he had so favored Clerk Trim; and it was in crossing the churchyard, after quitting that functionary's dwelling, that he had come to anchor on the stump. Bitter anger was aroused within him; a raging jealousy; a tumultuous thirst for revenge. For, in the clerk's house he had just been furnished, as he believed, with the confirmation yearned for.

When Frank Raynor, so lightly and heedlessly, had sent Clerk Trim to Tello, to inquire for certain imaginary letters at the post-office there, he little thought what grave consequences would arise from it in the future. Just for the sake of getting the clerk out of the way during the ceremony of the stolen marriage, he had invented this fruitless errand. When the clerk came back in the course of the day, and reported to him that no letter was lying for him at the post-office at Tello, the man added, "And I've taken care not to mention to a soul, sir, where I've been, as you desired, neither will I." "Oh, thank you, but I don't in the least mind now whether you tell it or not," rejoined Frank in the openness of his heart. For, now that the object was attained, it did not matter to him if all the world knew that he had sent the clerk to Tello.

Clerk Trim was naturally a silent man, and therefore had experienced no temptation to speak of it, in spite of the release given him; but on this very evening, talking with Blase Pellet of Tello, he said that he had been there lately. Mr. Blase expressed some surprise at this, knowing that journeys were rare events with the clerk; and then Trim mentioned what he had gone for: to inquire for a letter at the Tello post-office for Mr. Frank Raynor.

That was enough. And a great deal more than enough. Blase instantly jumped to the conclusion that it was *there*, through the Tello post-office, that the correspondence with Rosaline was carried on. And perhaps it was not unnatural that he should think so.

Forth he came, boiling and bursting, crossed the stile, and dropped down on the tree-stump, unable to get any farther. With his bitter indignation mingled a great deal of despair. In that one miserable moment he began to see that he might indeed lose Rosaline. To lose her would have been anguish unspeakable; but to see another gain her was simply torment—and that other the detested gentleman, Frank Raynor. Blase Pellet had not a very clear idea of social distinctions, and he saw no particular incongruity in Frank's making her his wife.

"I've kept quiet as yet about that past night's work," said Mr. Pellet to himself. "But I'll speak now. I kept quiet for her sake, knowing what pain it would bring her; not for his; and because—Well, any way," he added, after a long pause, "I must feel my way in it. If I can only drive him away from Cornwall for good, that would be enough; and then I'd draw in again. I heard him tell old Float that he meant to be off to London soon and settle there; let him go and leave me and Rose and these parts alone. I'll help to drive him there; and when he's gone I'll keep silent again. But now—how much will it be safe to say?—and how can I set about it?"

Leaning forward, his two hands placed on his knees, pressing them almost to pain, his eyes fixed on the opposite hedge, he thought out his thoughts. Blase Pellet was of an extremely concentrative nature; he could revolve and debate doubts and difficulties in his own mind, until he saw his way to bring them out straight in the end, just as patiently and successfully as a student works out a problem in Euclid. But the difficulty Blase was trying to solve now was not easy.

"I can't say I saw it," debated he. "I can't say I heard it. If I did, people would ask five hundred questions, as to where I was, and how it came about, and I might have to tell all. I don't care to do that. I won't do it, unless I'm forced. Let him go away and leave her alone hereafter, and he shall get off scott free for me. If I told of him, I should have to tell of her—that she was present—and she'd not like it; neither should I, for I'd be sorry to bring the pain and exposure on her. She ought to have denounced him at the time—and she was a regular simpleton for not doing it; but still it would not be pleasant for me to be the one to proclaim that she was there and witnessed it all. No, no; I may not say I know *that*: I dare not say I was a witness myself. I must find some other way."

The other way seemed to be a mile off. Mr. Pellet took his eyes from the hedge, and his hands from his knees; but only to fix them on the same places again. The stump of the tree was as uneasy a seat as its once green and flourishing topmost bough must have been, to judge by the restless fit that was upon him as he sat on it.

"Could I say I dreamt it?" cried he suddenly, ceasing his scuffling, and holding his head bolt upright. "*Could* I? I don't see any other way. Let's think it out a bit."

The thinking out took a tolerably long time yet, and Mr. Pellet did not seem altogether to like his idea. It was pretty nearly pitch dark when he at length rose from the stump, sighing heavily.

"I must be uncommon cautious," said he. "But it's just one of those ticklish things that admit of no openings but one. If Rosaline got to know that I saw—and told—she'd just fling me over forever. I think a word or two of suspicion will be enough to drive him away, and that's all I want."

Now in the main, Blase Pellet was not a hard-hearted or vindictive young man. His resentment against Frank Raynor rose from jealousy. Even that resentment, bitter though it was, he did not intend, or wish, to gratify to anything like its full extent. Believing that certain testimony of his could place Frank's neck in jeopardy, he might surely be given credit for holding his tongue. It is true that his caution arose from mixed motives: the dread of exasperating, or in any way compromising Rosaline; the dislike to mix himself up with the doings of that past night; and the genuine horror of bringing any man to so dire a punishment, even though that man were Frank Raynor.

Pondering upon these various doubts and difficulties, and failing to feel perfectly reassured upon them in his own mind—or rather upon what the result would be if he moved in the matter—Mr. Pellet went slowly home through the dark and deserted street; and ascended straight to his chamber, which was an attic in the roof. There, he put himself down on the side of his low bed in much the same musing attitude that he had sat on the tree-stump.

"Yes, it must be a dream," he decided at length, beginning to unbutton his waistcoat preparatory to retiring. "There is no other way. I must not say I was there and saw it—they'd turn round upon me and cry out, Why didn't you tell before now? And I can't and I won't bring in Rosaline's name—which I should have to do if I stated the truth outright. But I can say I dreamt it: dreamt that Bell is lying at the bottom of the shaft; and keep up the commotion a bit. They can't turn round on me for *that*. Folks do dream, and all the world knows they do."

As the days went on at the Mount, the lover's meetings became more rare. Far from being able to steal out every evening, Margaret found that she could hardly get out at all. She was virtually a prisoner, so far as her evening's liberty was concerned. Either she had to stay in, reading to Lydia, or else Mrs. St. Clare would have her in the drawing-room. Upon only a half movement of Daisy's towards the open glass doors, Mrs. St. Clare would say, "You cannot go out in the evening air, Daisy; I shall have you ill, like Lydia."

Evening after evening Frank Raynor betook himself to the grounds about the Mount, and lingered in their wilderness, waiting for Daisy. Evening after evening he had to go back again as he came, not having seen her. But one evening, when his patience was exhausted, and he had taken the first step of departure, Daisy came flying through the trees and fell into his arms.

"I was determined to come," she said, a nervous sobbing catching her breath. "I am watched, Frank; I am perpetually hindered. Mamma has just gone to her room with a headache, and I ran out. Oh Frank, this can't go on. I have so wanted to see you!"

"It has been uncommonly hard, I can tell you, Daisy, to come here, one evening after another, and to have to go back as I came."

"This is the *first* opportunity I have had. It is indeed, Frank. And if that Tabitha should come prying into the drawing-room, as I know she will, and finds me gone out of it, I don't care. No, I don't."

He took her upon his arm and they paced together as formerly. The moon was bright, to-night, and flickered through the leaves on Daisy's head.

"Of course this cannot go on," observed Frank, in assent to what she had just said. "I should make a move at once, but for one thing."

"What sort of move?"

"To leave Trennach. The reason I have not done so is this, Daisy. In speaking again the other morning to my uncle, telling him that I must go to London, he made no further opposition to it: only, he begged me to remain with him until Edina returned——"

"Where is she going?" interrupted Daisy.

"To Bath. On a week or ten days' visit to Major and Mrs. Raynor. Daisy, I should not *like* to leave my uncle alone; he is not well; and therefore I will stay, as he wishes. But as soon as Edina is back here, I will go to London, and see about our future home."

"Yes," said Daisy. "Yes."

She spoke rather absently. Indeed, in spite of the first emotion, she appeared to be less lively than usual; more pre-occupied. The fact was, she wanted to ask Frank a question or two, and did not know how to do it.

"Edina goes to-morrow," he resumed. "She intends to be back in a week's time; but I give her a day or two longer, for I know how unwilling they always are at Spring Lawn to let her come away. After that, I wind up with the Doctor, and go to London. And it will not be very long, Daisy, before I am back here to claim you. I shall soon get settled, once I am on the spot and looking out: the grass will not be let grow under my feet. It won't take above a week or two."

How sanguine he was! Not a shadow of doubt rested on his mind that the "week or two" would see him well established. Daisy did not answer. Had Frank chanced to turn his head as they walked, he would have seen how white her face was.

It was a simple question that she would ask. And yet, she could not ask it. Her dry and quivering lips refused to frame the words. "Were you so very intimate with Rosaline Bell?—and did you really love her?" Easy words they seem to say; but Daisy could not get them out in her terrible emotion.

And so, they parted, and she had not spoken. For the hour was late already, and she feared to stay out longer. And Frank went home unsuspicious and unconscious.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARM AND GARDEN.

USE FOR LEAVES.—Now is the time to gather forest leaves for the cow-stalls, hog-pens and barnyards. They are valuable when thus used. When dry they are very light, and it is better to await a first fall of snow, which will moisten them and enable the gatherer to haul three or four times as many at a load. The *Vermont Farmer* suggests barrels in which to secure the leaves, as they can be stamped down, and twice the quantity hauled in a load. They are easiest gathered with the common wooden rake.

IMPROVEMENTS IN GRASS.—In many respects grass-culture has not kept pace with improvements in other branches. We are continually getting new plants, new trees, new fruits, new vegetables, new grains, but a new grass is never thought of. We have the same orchard grass, the same redtop, the same timothy, that we had over a hundred years ago; and so far as the drift of thought goes, we shall have the same grasses for a hundred years to come. And yet there is no reason that we can see why there should not be improved grasses, as well as improvements in any other thing; and there doubtless would be if public attention was drawn to the matter.

SELECTING COWS.—First, says an experienced dairyman, I get a broadside view of the animal at a distance of about two rods, as I have noticed for years that there was a great similarity in the general proportions of all first-class milkers; being very small in girth just back of their forward legs as compared with the girth just forward of their hips. I have never known a first-rate milker, of any breed, not thus proportioned: so that if this form is wanting in an animal I have recommended to you, I do not care to look at her more, unless I want a breeder for some other purpose than the dairy. For breeding oxen I should want a cow of reverse proportions—i. e., larger girth forward. I next feel the size of the "milk veins," and trace them to their entrance into the chest, which, in superior cows, are large, admitting the ball of the largest finger; if divided, or sub-divided, as is generally the case, I judge of the size of the orifice. Next, I examine, by sight and touch the udder or bag, which must be capacious, in order to hold much milk, with teats wide apart and free from large seed warts or cores of any kind. I then inquire how long she goes dry before calving, as I don't want a family cow to give milk less than forty-six weeks out of every fifty-two; also as to the quality of the milk; and to close, I milk her with my own hands.

FOOD FOR HENS.—A writer states in the *Poultry Standard* that people would better understand this matter if they considered for a moment a hen to be, as she is, a small steam engine with an egg-laying attachment, and that there must be a constant supply of good feed and pure water to keep the engine and its attachment up to its work. In addition to keeping before hens that have complete liberty a constant supply of pure water winter and summer, I have found during the cool and cold weather of fall, winter and spring, a dough compounded as follows, feed one day and then intermitted for two days, to produce excellent results: To three gallons of boiling water add one-half an ounce of common salt, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and four ounces of lard. Stir the mixture until the pepper has imparted considerable of its strength to the water. Meantime the salt will have been dissolved and the lard melted. Then, while yet boiling hot, stir in a meal made of oats and corn, ground together in equal proportions until a thick mush is formed. Before feeding, taste to see that you have an over-dose neither of salt nor pepper, and to prevent the hens being imposed upon with a mixture not fit to be eaten, nor so hot with pepper that you could not swallow it. When fowls appear out of order and lose appetite, the food should be mixed with a little linseed meal, and a small quantity of pepper and a small piece of copperas dissolved in their drinking water would be useful.

GRUMPIBUS AND THE CEREUS.

BY V. S.

(*Continued from No 18.*)

The head gardener used to visit the bud twice every night, and the second gardener did the same. At last it flowered. Away ran the head gardener to call up his master, away ran the second gardener to call the others, and Grumpibus was left alone in the little chamber. That was his hour of trial! The scent was most delicate, and he thought how nice to have it all to himself; the cup of the flower enchanted him, he could not leave it. "No," he said, "this once I will have it all to myself, and be the only fairy in the land that has seen the flower of the cereus." So saying he curled himself up in the very middle of the flower, bewildered with beauty, overpowered with fragrance. In fact the scent was so strong that very soon the fairy fainted and forgot everything.

He would assuredly have been caught and kept under a wine glass to show the company at the castle, but fortune favored him. The head gardener, who had been earnestly told by the lord of the castle to have him called immediately when the cereus flowered, went and rang at the gate. The porter was asleep; but when he had rubbed his eyes and taken his pocket-handkerchief off his head he looked through a little slit in the gate, and asked what the gardener wanted. On being told, he rang a great bell, which nobody answered, and went to sleep again. And when the head gardener grew quite impatient, he gave the bell another pull, when the groom of the chambers slowly dressed himself and came to see what was the matter. When he was made to understand, he said it was the chambermaid's business, so he rang another bell, and the chambermaid dressed herself and came. So in about an hour and a half the lord was waked up, and his lady, who begged him to wait for her; and then her maid was waked and had to dress, and she dressed my lady in pink taffeta and an India shawl; and then it began to rain, so the coachman was waked to get the carriage, and he had to wake the horses, and by the time they got to the conservatories the flower had shut up, and nothing but a faint disagreeable smell remained to say that a cereus had flowered and died.

The cold flabby leaves of the flower closed over Grumpibus, and how many nights and days he may have lain in that condition he never knew. But this is certain, that when the gardener cleared away the dead flowers he cut off the cereus and threw it into his barrow, and so wheeled it away with the rubbish to the dunghill. Soon after the stable-man came and emptied his barrow in the same place, and poor Grumpibus, buried alive, could neither move hand nor foot nor wing. What added to the misery of his case was that he was completely soaked with the black liquor of the dunghill.

And there he might have lain till now, but one day he heard in his noisome prison his old friend the head gardener say to the hind, "Just have this dung carried down to the long meadow." And that very afternoon came a cart and two men who began to pitch up the manure into the cart. Anxiously the poor fairy waited for the shovelful that should contain his own prison chamber. His almost broken heart bounded at the thought how he would fly out the moment his spadeful was going up into the air. At last the man came to him, he stuck in the spade, he felt himself thrown up, but the irons did not break, and the poor fairy fell into the dung cart as much a prisoner, and as bruised and miserable as he could be. However this part of his sorrow was nearly ended; when they emptied the cart in the field and spread the dressing he crept out, and running rapidly along one of the furrows, came to a beautiful clear stream. Instantly he jumped in to wash himself, and scrubbed away with a good will, but to his surprise he got no cleaner.

He stopped for a minute to wonder why he was not more successful, when he heard a little tench close by say to an old one who lay with one eye just peeping out from under a stone in the bottom of the stream, "Why, doctor, what a time that fairy has been washing himself!"

"Ay, and he may wash," replied the doctor; "I am afraid it's the color of his wretched heart that has come through his skin, and there's no way of washing that off that I know of."

Angry and mortified, the fairy scrambled out of the water, afraid to go home to fairy hall again in such filthy plight, and afraid to get into the streamlet because he did not like to hear the fishes talk about him.

So Grumpibus kept running on by the side of the brook as fast as he could, until hearing round the stump of an old oak that grew among the willows, who should he come upon but the queen of the fairies, and the lord chancellor, high chamberlain, commander of the forces, and physician in ordinary, all come a-gipsying, and having dispatched their meal were playing at hunt the slipper? They all gave a shout when dirty Grumpibus, not seeing where he was going, ran into the ring. The commander-in-chief drew his sword and vowed he would chop him up into sausage-meat. The lord chancellor declared he must go under the teacup, or suffer as the law directs. But the doctor, looking at his deplorable complexion between brown and blue, said he was only fit for the hospital—he had never known but one case like it, and that was a fairy who got poisoned by the smell of a decayed cereus.

Grumpibus no sooner heard the word than he felt as if all was found out. Oh! thought he, what a wretched being I have been this last year! I am only fit to live under a teacup. And throwing himself down, and weeping before the queen, he cried, "I know I am a disgrace to fairyland. I have always been keeping pleasure to myself, and now I have not told of the night-flowering cereus." And then he told all his sin and punishment. How he had been overpowered by the perfume, and then poisoned by the decaying flower, and buried in the dung-hill, and carted to the field; and how the old tench knew that was not all, but a wicked heart inside the stain deepest.

As he lay sobbing in convulsions at her feet, he thought, "Oh, if I could be good and kind, and think of others as well as myself, how happy I should be! I will—that I will. Poor black little creature as I am, I will try and do all the kindness I can to every one wherever I wander, and try to be loved for my goodness since I never can be admired for my beauty. He said nothing. The queen feared he was dying. The doctor felt his pulse, but the queen spoke kindly to him, and said, "Poor selfish Grumpibus, you have been already punished enough; get up and go hide yourself, for I fear you will never be able to dance in our fairy rings." But Grumpibus was a changed creature. Two fairies crossed their arms and carried him to the hospital, where the physician blistered and bled him, and gave him all sorts of draughts and pills; but the thought of his past misconduct was the bitterest draught of all. And as the little nurses in mob caps came to look after him with anxious faces, they told him how the queen and the lord chancellor and the commander-in-chief had been to enquire after him. "Unworthy that I am," thought Grumpibus, "how shall I ever repay all their kindness?"

Next morning the nurse brought him some hot water and a razor to shave himself and make himself a little tidy, when to his great astonishment he saw that his skin was growing fair again, and his wings had begun to glitter. He shaved with great glee, and began tumbling head over heels, and playing all sorts of tricks on his bed; but a fairy in the next bed with a broken wing sighed out, "Oh, how I wish to be quiet!" Grumpibus was still in a moment; and when the nurse brought him some oatmeal porridge for his dinner, she put on her spectacles, and said, "Why, Mr. Grumpibus, you are growing quite handsome." "Thank ye, ma'am," said he; and he was more pleased at the feeling of the old fairy's kindness in wishing to please him than at the thought that he was indeed getting less horrid. However, next morning, when they brought him the shaving-glass and hot water, he saw that, sure enough, he was a better-looking fairy than he had ever been before. And the queen, who at this time came to see how he was going on, really did not know him.

"Grumpibus," said she, "you shall begin the world again. You are so changed that no one will ever know you; and the doctor says that you must have just been cured of a disease of the heart. I will give you a new name and call you Amabel. You shall come out this very night and dance with me in the castle moat when the moon comes through the beech trees; and we will forget you ever were selfish or unkind, for I think you will be so no more."

THE END.

HERE AND THERE.

THE baby's little game—Bawl.

WHEN a lady blushes and weeps, can she be said to raise a hue and cry?

WHAT class of men are always open to conviction?—Those who have violated the law.

MARRIAGE is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a very fine preface.

WHY is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel?—Because the fellows around him are tired.

A RECENT advertisement reads: "A respectable young person wants cleaning. Apply," etc.

A NEW social philosopher says the art of flirting is in its infancy. It will be a sad day when the thing is grown up.

WHAT is the difference between horse-racing and going to church? One makes man bet, the other makes them better.

AUGUSTUS now compliments Angelina upon the perfections of her toilet by assuring her that she looks as fine as a hired girl.

A CHICAGO livery-man secures the patronage of lovers by having the seats of his vehicles made rather small for two persons.

THE editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, quite promptly replied: "Well, that covers the ground."

A NEW Jersey farmer has found out a sure way to keep young fellows from hanging around his front gate. He has the girls sit on the back steps.

A YOUNG lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim: "What an elegant brimming that rainbow would make for a white lace overdress!"

"DID you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" was recently asked of a witness at a Coroner's inquest. "Yes sir; we searched the pockets," was the reply.

A WHITE boy met a colored lad the other day, and asked him what he had such a short nose for. "I 'spect's as it won't poke itself into other people's business."

AN Illinois chap, in describing a gale of wind, said: "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open and turned completely inside out.

AT bedtime now, after the little Philadelphia boy has said his, "Now I lay me," he adds, in a truly thankful spirit, "Ma, ain't I glad I don't have to sleep out in the shed any more."

"WHAT did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of the class in American history. "To worship in their own way and make other people do the same," was the reply.

A little dressmaker girl was looking out of the window as a drove of steers was going by, and, seized with an idea, she called out—"Oh, ma, just see how those horns are all cut *goring!*"

AN old woman who is crossing the street has a narrow escape from being run over by a hearse. "I am not at all superstitious," she says to her rescuer, "but it always seemed to me that it would be unlucky to be killed by a hearse."

A DARKEY was asked, "When a lady and gentleman have quarrelled, and each considers the other in fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance toward a reconciliation?" Her reply was: "The best-hearted and wisest of the two."

A MUSICAL TURNKEY.—The authorities of a prison in Canada advertise as follows:—"Wanted, a respectable man to act as turnkey in a county prison. One who understands music, can play the organ, and sing bass, would be preferred."

"IS there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" said a very red-faced youth, with the cork of a bottle sticking out of his breast-pocket. The editor, with much dignity, took the man's intellect in, and said: "An opening? Yes, sir. A kind and considerate carpenter, forecasting your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

NOT long ago the heathen in China made a sudden and remarkable demand for copies of the Bible. The missionaries were delighted; a great work was about to be accomplished. Somehow the converts didn't come up to the altar. Upon investigation it was found that the Bibles had been applied to the curing of another kind of sole altogether—paper soles for shoes.

MAN is the only animal that blows his nose. The alligator has a nose nearly two feet long, and he never blows it. The elephant can reach over his nose and tickle his hind legs, and he often does, but he never wipes it. The blue-nosed baboon has a cerulean proboscis, of which the noblest animal may be proud, but it goes unblown. The double-nosed pointer has immense capacity for blowing but he never will, and the oyster, whose nose reaches clear around to his back, refrains from exercising it. Man alone has reached to the height of a pocket-handkerchief, and he proudly waves his handanna as a sufficient evidence of his superiority.

THE San Antonio *Herald* says that in no city in the United States is the travel-stained, weary traveller taken as good care of as he is in a San Antonio hotel. The manners and customs of the guests are carefully studied. A young man from the frontier, stopping at one of our hotels, told the clerk the other evening that he was going to be out late. "Just wait a minute," replied the accommodating clerk, and he rushed off, but soon reappeared with a large envelope, which he placed in the guest's breast-pocket, with the remark: "That is a bond for your appearance before the recorder, properly signed. As soon as you are arrested for being drunk and disorderly just give the bond to the policeman, mention my name, and he will bring you home in a hack. Good night. God bless you."

Invigorate and be Healthy.

The source of nine-tenths of the bodily ills of mankind is a deficiency of vital power. No portion of the physical machinery can efficiently perform its allotted duty if there is insufficient motive force in the system. Invigorate, therefore, in order to regain health. For the restoration of lost vitality, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are the best tonic that can be selected, since they not only impart fresh vigor into the debilitated system, but overcome disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels which interfere with complete assimilation of the food, and thus perpetuate weakness. The Bitters likewise cure and prevent malarious fevers, remedy debilitating urinary troubles, and eliminate from the blood through the kidneys the impurities which originate gout, rheumatism and dropsy. Appetite, digestion, sleep—in short every essential condition of health, are promoted by their use.

We publish the announcements in our advertising columns *for pay*, and seldom trouble ourselve to inquire as to the qualities or merits of the wares advertised, further than to assure ourselve that they are legitimate and respectable. But when an article performs miracles in our midst, transforming the old to young, in appearance at least, we cannot pass it by unnoticed. We know of people who, years ago, were gray-headed and who now wear dark and glossy hair. How is this? It evidently is not colored, for it has a perfectly natural appearance, instead of the harsh, dry, staring look of hair *stained* with nitrate of silver or other common hair dyes. No! It has been restored to its youthful color, lustre and vitality by the use of that wonder of wonders, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. It has many imitators, but there is nothing like it. The test of years only increases its fame, while its imitators die and are forgotten.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

WIDE-AWAKE YOUTH'S PAPER.—For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, and sprightly, entertaining reading, the *Youth's Companion* has no superior among the Youth's publications.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

Act upon the Liver, removing all obstructions, relax the ducts of the gall-bladder, the bile starts freely and the liver is soon relieved; the stools will show what the Pills can do; nothing has ever been invented except Calomel (a deadly poison which is very dangerous to use unless with great care) that will unlock the gall-bladder and start the secretions of the Liver like SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

GLEASON'S MONTHLY COMPANION.—This magazine is, without any exception, the cheapest monthly in existence. Each number is beautifully illustrated with numerous engravings. The price is only $1.25 a year, and it is sent to subscribers free of postage; besides an extra large oil chromo is given gratis, and sent free of postage, to every subscriber. Good cash commission to agents. Sample copies 10 cents, free of postage. F. GLEASON, Publisher, 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass

THE HOME CIRCLE.—This elegant weekly is the best and cheapest illustrated literary paper in the United States, brimful of good things every week. Only $2.50 a year, and sent free of postage; besides, an extra large elegant oil chromo, gratis, to every subscriber and free of postage. A large commission is given to agents. Sample copies free, on receipt of a stamp for return postage. For sale by all newsdealers, at 6 cents per copy. F. GLEASON, Publisher, 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—"Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" &c. Such are the exclamations of those who see the large, elegant new Chromos produced by the European and American Publishing Co. Everyone will warrant them. It requires no talking to sell the pictures—they speak for themselves. Canvassers, agents, and ladies and gentlemen out of employment, will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 738 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE INDEPENDENT
FOR 1877.

In addition to all its former excellencies, heretofore surpassed by another religious weekly newspaper in the world, will offer several

ENTIRELY NEW FEATURES,

of great importance and value

FIRST.—We shall print through the year SERMONS by the most eminent clergymen of the country, of all denominations, from Maine to California. Our readers will, therefore, have the pleasure of hearing the most famous ministers of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, etc.

SECOND.—We shall publish a series of articles on CHRISTIAN WORK, by REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D., which will be invaluable to clergymen, Sunday-school teachers, and every Christian man and woman.

THIRD.—A new Serial Story of American life will be begun about the middle of December. Its title will be

A PAPER CITY,

by D. R. Locke, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby). It vividly illustrates the present era of speculation, of living without work, of making money without capital; and will be one of the most sparkling and attractive serials ever published.

FOURTH.—We shall publish a series of articles from the pen of RUFUS WAKEMAN, Jr., of Brewersville, Mass., on Men and things, religion and politics, and every "sap topic" as it comes up.

FIFTH.—Our great premium for the year we believe to be the best ever offered—viz.:

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,

in the famous and unsurpassed Household Edition of Messrs. Lee & Shepherd, the well-known publishers of Boston. Look at our offer! To each and every person, whether already a subscriber or not, who sends us $3, we will forward THE INDEPENDENT one year, postage paid, together with any one volume from the following list:

1. The Pickwick Papers, 600 pages.
2. Our Mutual Friend, 816 pages.
3. David Copperfield, 880 pages.
4. Nicholas Nickleby, 516 pages.
5. Martin Chuzzlewit, 651 pages.
6. Dombey and Son, 834 pages.
7. Old Curiosity Shop and Reprinted Pieces 820p
8. Little Dorrit 504 pages.
9. Bleak House, 633 pages.
10. Barnaby Rudge, and Hard Times, 970 pages.
11. Oliver Twist, Pictures from Italy and American Notes, 826 pages.
12. A Tale of Two Cities, and Great Expectations, 816 pages.
13. Christmas Stories, and Sketches by Boz, 876 pp.
14. Uncommercial Traveler, and additional Christmas Stories, 396 pages.
15. The Mystery of Edwin Drood, A Child's History of England, Master Humphrey's Clock, etc. 560 pages.

For

FIFTEEN SUBSCRIBERS

we will send

DICKENS COMPLETE.

Every number of THE INDEPENDENT contains 32 large octavo pages, forming a weekly magazine in itself; whereas all other folded religious papers have only from 16 to 24 pages, of much smaller size.

Thus THE INDEPENDENT offers for $3 twice as much as any other religious journal in the country or the world and is pre-eminently

THE PAPER FOR THE HARD TIMES.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of THE INDEPENDENT, with premium, $3.00 per annum, in advance.
6 months, no premium, - - - 1.50, in advance.
3 " " - - - 75 "

Specimen copies, containing full list of other premiums, sent free upon application.

Address THE INDEPENDENT,
P. O. Box 2787 - - New York.

VINEGAR in Ten Hours!

from cider, sorghum, molasses, &c., without drugs, chemicals or costly machinery; secret selling for $5. This, and $200 worth of secrets and recipes sold by speculators, complete in Book of Advertised Wonders only 50 cents, of booksellers or by mail. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau street, N. Y.

GEORGE HENDERSON—CARD WRITER—Box 4178 N. Y. City 25 cards, 50 cents

$100 INVESTED HAS PAID A PROFIT OF $1,700

during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in Stocks. Book containing full information sent on application.

TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers,
2 WALL ST., NEW YORK

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES. SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR: CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON

E. F. Kunkel's celebrated Bitter Wine of Iron will effectually cure liver complaint, jaundice, dyspepsia, chronic or nervous debility, cureule diarrhœa, diseases of the kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver, stomach or intestines, such as constipation, flatulence, inward piles, fullness of blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, head, chest, limbs, etc., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant forebodings of evil and great depression of spirits. Price $1 per bottle. Beware of counterfeits. Do not let your druggist palm off some other preparation of iron he may say is as good, but ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. Take no other. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is not sold in bulk—only in $1 bottles.

E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 229 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by all dealers and druggists everywhere

Tape Worm Removed Alive.

Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Send Pin and Stamp. Worms removed by Dr. KENNEL, 229 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular. For removing Boil, Pile or Stomach Worms, call on your druggist and ask for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup, price $1. It never fails. Common sense teaches if Tape Worm be removed, all other worms can be readily destroyed.

THE GREAT HARD TIMES PAPER
The Best, the Cheapest, and the Most Popular. You cannot afford to be Without the
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

It is a mammoth 16-page illustrated paper (size of *Harper's Weekly*) filled with the choicest reading for old and young. Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Wit & Humor, Answers to Correspondents, Puzzles, Games, Popular Songs, etc., etc. Lively, entertaining, amusing, and instructive. The largest, handsomest, best, and cheapest paper of its class published. Only $1 per year, with choice of three premiums: the beautiful new chromo, "Yes or No?" size 13x19 inches; any one of the celebrated novels by Chas. Dickens, or an elegant Box of Stationery. Paper without premium, only 75 cts. per year. Or we will send it **Four Months on trial for only 25 Cents.** Specimen Copies sent on receipt of stamp. Agents wanted. Address F. M. LUPTON & CO., Publishers, 27 Park Row, New York

THE NEW YORK
EVENING POST.
IN ITS 76th YEAR.

Weekly Post.

These terms include the postage.
SINGLE COPY, one year. . . $1 50
Clubs of TEN or more, one year 1 25 each.
" TWENTY " " 1 10 "

Semi-Weekly Post

These terms, except to subscribers in New York City, include the postage.
SINGLE COPY, one year. . . $3 00
Clubs of FIVE or more, one year 2 50 each.
" TEN " " 2 20 "

The Weekly and the Semi-Weekly give careful selections from the columns of the Daily paper, combined with original matter prepared expressly for them.

They contain a full record of current events, supplemented by intelligent and impartial criticisms. Special attention is invited to the Agricultural Department of these two journals.

CLUB AGENTS

may secure a really valuable article,

From a Grand Piano to a Penknife,

or earn a liberal cash premium, with little exertion. Send for a copy of the great offer of

FIFTY PREMIUMS

made to those who solicit subscriptions for the EVENING POST.

ANY PERSON

may obtain one of these premiums at less cost than it can be obtained WITHOUT the paper, by becoming a subscriber to the EVENING POST.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS SENT FREE.
Send for List of Premiums.

Address

WM. C. BRYANT & CO.,
Publishers.
BROADWAY AND FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

ROYAL FRAGRANCE. SOLID COLOGNE. An Elegant Perfume in Solid Form. Send for it. Three samples for 25 cents. One sample 10 cents. Postage stamps will be received. W. A. HUBBARD, Chemist, 46 North Anderson street, Boston, Mass.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!!!
BANKRUPT SALE OF MILTON GOLD JEWELRY.

100,000 DOLLARS worth goods must be closed out until January 1st, 1877, to raise money for the bankrupt firm in London.

Don't be deceived by other advertisers who offer Jewelry, as they send nothing but common brass. It takes an expert Jeweler to discover MILTON GOLD from VIRGIN GOLD.

In order to effect rapid sales, we have put up LOTS of different articles from 50 Cts. to $5.00; each lot contains more Jewelry than ten times the money could buy anywhere else.

50 CENT LOT.
ONE PAIR ELEGANT SLEEVE BUTTONS,
ONE SET SPIRAL SHIRT STUDS,
ONE BEAUTIFUL CORAL SCARF PIN,
ONE ELEGANT GENTS' WATCH CHAIN,
ONE COLLAR BUTTON,
ONE ELEGANT WEDDING RING, very heavy.

$1.00 LOT.
One pair Gold Stone Sleeve Buttons,
One set elegant Spiral Studs,
One beautiful Ladies' Ring marked "Friendship"
One set (2) Engraved Bracelets,
One Ladies' Long Neck Chain,
One Enamelled Locket for the above,
One Gents' Handsome Roll-plate Watch Chain,
One Gents' "Lake George" Diamond Stud.

$2.00 LOT.
One set Gold Front Pin and Ear Rings,
One Ladies' Long Neck Chain,
One Enamelled Locket for the above,
One Ladies' "Pumpadour" Watch Chain,
One pair "Cameo" Stone Sleeve Buttons,
One pair Engraved Sleeve Buttons,
One Amethyst Stone Ring set with Pearls,
One Gents' Large Seal Ring,
One Ladies' Hand Engagement Ring.

$3.00 LOT.
One pair Amethyst Sleeve Buttons inlaid with Pearls,
One set of Studs to match the above,
One beautiful Gents' Watch Chain with Charm,
One fine Topaz Ring,
One elegant Amethyst Ring set with Pearls,
One pair Gold Floss Sleeve Buttons,
One Collar Button,
One set Spiral Studs,
One pair (2) Engraved Bracelets,
One "Lake George" Diamond Stud,
One pair Coral Ear Rings,
One set Jet Pin and Ear Rings.

$5.00 LOT.
One Ladies' Opera Chain with Slide and Tassel,
One heavy Ladies' Neck Chain,
One beautiful Locket for the above,
One Ladies' "Cameo" Pin and Ear Rings,
One pair (2) elegant Bracelets,
One pair Amethyst Sleeve Buttons inlaid with Pearls,
One pair Onyx Sleeve Buttons,
One Set Studs to match the above,
One fine Gents' Watch Chain with Charm,
One Amethyst Ring inlaid with Pearls,
One Topaz Ring inlaid with Pearls,
One Ladies' Ring marked "Friendship,"
One Ladies' Chemise Button.

A FINE SOLID SILVER WATCH FREE.

On receipt of $15 we will send by mail, post-paid, or by express if preferred, all the above five lots, and also one elegant watch, Ladies' or Gents' size, guaranteed to be a good timekeeper. Such opportunity is offered but once in a lifetime.

PRICE LIST OF WATCHES.

German Silver, Verge Movement	$5.00	Coin Silver, Heavy Gold Rolled	$15.00
" " Attached Lever	6.50	Solid Gold	25.00
Milton Gold, American Movement	10.00	" " Ladies'	15.00

A written guarantee furnished with each watch.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Milton Gold Jewelry is all the rage. It is no brass or common plate sold by all other advertisers, we know the above firm to be perfectly reliable. ["N. Y. Day Book," Oct. 14th.

"Messrs. BELL & Co. are an established house, and can be depended on to carry out faithfully all they promise. [N. Y. EVENING TIMES, Nov. 11th.]

"The Milton Gold Jewelry as sold by the old established house of W. W. BELL & Co., is the finest in the market; write to them and you will be perfectly satisfied. INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL, Oct. 16th.

"W. W. BELL & Co. offer a superior quality at articles at excessively low figures. Other firms advertise similar goods, when, in reality, they are nothing but brass or common plate. CINCINNATI STAR, Oct. 26.

Our Firm and Milton Gold Jewelry is endorsed by all the leading Newspapers of the country. Goods sent C. O. D. if $5.00 is sent with the order, not otherwise.

Send money by P. O. money order. Address all orders to

W. W. BELL & CO.
Importers of Watches and Jewelry, 8 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Splendid Holiday Novelties! New Year's Stories; New Year's Presents; New Year's Pictures; New Year's Music; New Year's Cabinet Gems; New Year's Chromos; New Year's Poetry; New Year's Bookmarks; New Year's Household; New Year's Fashions; New Year's Greetings, and other Holiday Novelties, with rare Literary Gems and Full-size Patterns, in the Splendid Holiday January Number of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. 25 cents, post free. Yearly, $2, with a Splendid Premium. Do not fail to see or send for the January Number, with the beautiful Cabinet and Artistic Oil Chromo, worth several times the cost of the Magazine. Sold everywhere.

$450 to $200 A MONTH FOR AGENTS.

UNIVERSAL HISTORY,
ANCIENT, MIDDLE-AGES and MODERN.

The great interest in all nations and in our own thrilling history of 100 years, makes this book sell faster than any other. 8 books in one. Beautifully illustrated. Low price, quick sales, extra terms. Address J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

ARTHUR'S
Illustrated Home Magazine.

1877

Year after year the Home Magazine continues to gain in favor with the people. Taking rank with the best periodicals of the day, it claims to be, in its peculiar character and varied departments, more thoroughly identified with the people in their common life and social interests, than any other magazine of its class.

Terms, $2.50 a year: 3 copies $6.00. Five $12.00, six copies and one extra to club getter. Specimen number 10 cents.

GREAT PREMIUMS For 25 cents extra, to pay postage, we give as a Premium, a copy of our Great National Picture of all the Presidents of the United States, elegantly framed in heavy Walnut and Gilt Moulding. The most valuable premium ever offered for subscribers at club rates.

Home Magazine for sale by News Dealers.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia

BANKRUPT SALE
OF MILTON GOLD JEWELRY.

We will send you on receipt of Fifty Cents, one pair elegant engraved Sleeve Buttons, one set Spiral Studs, one Collar Button, one beautiful Coral Scarf Pin, one Gent's Watch Chain, and one heavy Wedding Ring. Above lot used to retail for $3.50. Four lots will be sent, post paid, on receipt of $1.50 and 12 lots for $4. Address W. W. BELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

SLATE MANTELS

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 Ridge Avenue.

WILSON & MILLER,
Philadelphia

TRUTH IS MIGHTY!

10 CENTS and a 3-cent stamp for 50 waste Bristol Visiting Cards. No nicer ones ever seen at any price. Prices never before named. Quick, or you are too late. Warranted to suit, or money refunded. Largest variety ever shown. All other kinds correspondingly low. Circular and agents' price list sent with each new order. Inducements never before offered to agents. Territory fast being taken. W. C. CANNON, Box 270 Boston, Mass.

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $50 a week, without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. AGENTS' SUPPLY Co., 301 Bowery, N. Y.

HUNTER'S and TRAPPER'S Illustrated Practical Guide. Deaming and rifle shooting; making and using traps, snares and nets; baits and baiting; preserving, stretching, dressing, tanning and dyeing skins and furs, fishing, &c. With fifty engravings. 50 cts. Taxidermist's Manual, 50. Dog Training, 25. Humors of Ventriloquism, 15. Improvement of Memory, 15. Of booksellers or by mail. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau street, N. Y.

ELBOW-ROOM MAX ADELER'S New Book *Outcasts* any book in the market. Splendidly illustrated with many humorous drawings. Will sell at sight. Best commissions. Agents wanted in every place. Terms and circulars free. J. M. STODDART & Co., 723 Chestnut St., Phila.

$80A made by ONE agent in 27 days. 18 new articles, samples free. Address C. M. LINNGTON, Chicago.

THE TOLL-GATE Picture sent free! An ingenious gem! 50 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

$200 A Month. Outfit worth $1. Free to Agents. Excel. Mfg. Co., 163 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

$55 to $77 a week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

A BIG CHANCE FOR MONEY. NEW NOVELties and chromos; jewelry, stationery packages &c. Address National Novelty Co., 400 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

MEDICINE RENDERED USELESS.

PULVERMACHER'S ELECTRO-GALVANIC CHAIN Belts and Bands are indorsed by the most eminent Physicians of Europe and America.

For the Self-cure of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Spinal Disease, Epilepsy, Female Complaints, Diseases of Men, Lost Health, Decline, Nervous and General Debility, Neuralgia, Gout, or Sciatic Aches & Pains, and other Chronic Diseases of the Head, Chest, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Blood.

Pulvermacher's Belts, Bands, etc., received the only award of merit for Electric Appliances at the great World's Exhibitions, Philadelphia, Paris and Vienna, and may be relied on as the most valuable, simple, safe and effective curative means known to medical science.

Avoid bogus Belts, Bands, &c.

Pulvermacher's alone are genuine.

Pamphlet with full particulars mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO.
218 Broadway, New York, or 722 Vine St., Cincinnati.

LOVERS Guide to marriage, wealth, and beauty, never fails, love letters, wisdom, &c. Book worth 50 cents mailed free by THE UNION PUB. CO., Newark, N. J.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

$15 SHOT GUN.

A double barrel gun, bar or front action locks, warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, 30 inches; with Flask, Pouch and Wad-cutter for $15. Can be sent C. O. D. with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. WELLS & SON, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED FOR HISTORY
CENTEN'L EXHIBITION

It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 34 copies in one day. Send for our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Phila., Pa.

Charming Ever-blooming Roses & House Plants.

300 Choice Varieties for $1. 5 for 50c. Samples 25c. J. GREIVES, Greenbrook & Paterson Nurseries, PATERSON, N. J.

BIG

$100. REWARD. $100.

THIS MOUSTACHE produced on a smooth face by the use of DYER'S HAIR TINTS without injury, or will forfeit $100. Price by mail in sealed package 25 cents, for three 50 cents. A. L. SMITH & CO., Agts., Palmyra, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

Men or women $45 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable, with no risks. A 16-page circular and valuable samples free. Do not delay, but write at once on postal card to

F. M. REED, 8th St., New York

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION
DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED.

A graphic pen-picture of its History, Grand Buildings, Wonderful Exhibits, Curiosities, Great Days, Etc. Profusely illustrated, thoroughly popular, and very cheap. Must sell immensely. 5,000 AGENTS WANTED. Send for full particulars. This will be the chance of 100 years to realize money fast. Get the only reliable history. HUBBARD BROS., Pubs. Phila.

THE FASHIONS.

The fancy for PLAIDED and CAMEO-STRIPED WATERPROOFS has somewhat died out, and the old favorite dark blue, invisible green, and blue-black, have resumed their former places with people of taste.

We have seen a complete and most useful costume for rainy weather made entirely of water-proof cloth. Dark blue was the color of this suit. The dress was cut in one body and skirt, Gabrielle pattern, with some extra pleats laid under in the back. A seam flounce eight inches deep may be set on at the bottom to relieve the plainness, if desired. It may be hemmed by machine, top and bottom, or else bound with braid, sewed on by machine. Dark blue, vegetable ivory buttons are used for closing the front. The *pardessus* consisted a long, loose, sleeveless sacque, reaching to the hem of the dress. Four or five rows of braid might be stitched down the front and around the edge of this *pardessus*, if desired. Deep cape for protection of the shoulders, simply hemmed and stitched by machine, or else trimmed with three or four rows of braid to match the trimming of the *pardessus*. Deep pockets on each side the *pardessus*. Band in the back from one arm seye to the other, and fastened with buttons. Tape underneath, to tie in front, and keep the garment in place. For rainy weather, or very cold days, no better suit could be designed or desired.

A handsome Silk Suite, trimmed with bands of cock's feathers, was made as follows:

Underskirt with a box-pleated flounce, and two pleated headings.

Overskirt very deep, and not very full.

The only trimming consisted of a pleated heading and a ruche of black cock's feathers.

A moderately deep pocket was placed rather high up on the right side, laid in pleats longitudinally, and edged with a ruche of cock's feathers; a bow of ribbon, with long loops, finishes it at the bottom.

The underwaist to be worn in the house was a moderately deep basque, cuirass form in front, but having pleated French back, which fell in open fan-shaped pleats over the tournure, being confined at the belt with a narrow band also laid in pleats.

This waist was a novelty, and for slender figures is very becoming.

A triple cord of silk edged the basque.

The sleeves were laid in horizontal upturned pleats, and at the waist had two knife-pleated frills four inches deep each, and falling open over the hand.

A knife-pleated ruffle finished the neck.

The over-sacque was long and gracefully sloped so as to fit well over the tournure. A row of cock's feathers edged the bottom, continuing up the front, and also heading the pockets.

A similar ruche edges the neck, and also encircles the arm-holes.

Fur bands could be substituted for the cock's feather-trimming.

A MORNING DRESS

of plum-colored merino had the fronts cut Gabrielle, and the back laid in narrow pleats down the middle of the waist, widening out and added to at the belt by other pleats being laid under them.

Straps of plum-colored silk were laid across the pleats at the back, and fastened at each end with small buttons.

Pockets on each side of the front breadths were laid in pleats, strapped with narrow bands of silk, and fastened with tiny buttons.

A deep pointed collar of silk finished the neck. The coat sleeves had bands of silk on the outer seam, fastened with buttons.

A wide soft sash of Marcelline silk, edged with deep hand-wrought fringe was worn with this robe, tied loosely about the waist and with the ends hanging on the left side.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Long half-tight fitting sacques of black or blue basket cloth, bordered with fur, are very fashionable.

Enamel jewelry is very much in vogue.

Dress-loopers of nickel-plate and oxydized silver are very much worn.

Many veils are made now with long, square ends, which tie behind or else are brought down under the chin, and loosely knotted there, the veil being secured by pins on each side of the head.

Necklaces of amethysts or coral crystals are much worn with a large crystal pendant.

Hats trimmed with an excess of cardinal or any pronounced color, are not considered in good taste.

Gloves in dark leaf-brown or slate-gray with plain stitching on the back, and from two to four buttons, are the leading styles for promenade and church toilets.

The one-sided Gainsborough hat, suitable only to young faces, has been so generally adopted by all styles of beauty and ugliness that it has become too common for persons of fine taste.

Bracelets of imitation Malachite made of celluloid are so finely executed as to deceive almost any one.

Circulars made of striped Indian shawls and fur-lined, are considered stylish for evening wraps.

For receptions, etc., Dolmans in pale cream-colored cloth with mossy fringe are much admired.

Brown and blue are the favorite colors for children this season.

Not many muffs seen as yet.

Fur-lined hoods and small shoulder capes of swansdown are among the novelties.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Collady for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

In our last issue we gave description of a slipper-case, we now offer some hints concerning a pair of slippers quickly made, to put in the case.

Materials required are one ounce and a half of black zephyr wool; twelve skeins of white wool or twenty-four skeins of chinchilla wool. For the design we suggest for the embroidered part, shaded crimson, light blue and pale sulphur color; also shaded green, from six to twelve skeins of each. A bone crochet needle.

Make a chain of six stitches, and crochet in the black wool a row in close Afghan stitch. Second row widen in the middle by adding an extra stitch. Continue until a piece has been made sufficient to cover the upper part of the foot, or form the toe part of a slipper. Crochet a point upon the centre of the widest edge; then on each side commence a row for the sides and back—from four to six rows in depth, will be a sufficient number for the size of the sides; for the length you must be governed by the size of the foot for whose covering the slipper is intended.

Having completed this portion of the slipper, now for the embroidering part. A cluster of small rosebuds with a spray of forget-me-nots is our selection. Work the rosebuds in shaded crimson, the outer leaves of the brightest, the inner of the deepest shades. Work the leaves in the shaded green, and the forget-me-nots in the pale blue with the yellow centres. For a border around the upper part of the slipper, a knitted band done in moss stitch, which is over a mesh, will be found pretty and resembling chinchilla fur. Real fur may be substituted.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. MAYNARD, (Utica, N. Y.)—Sent Beatrice Pardessus on 18th instant, with full description for putting together.

Your handwriting is pretty fair, and your spelling is quite correct. Thanks for your good wishes.

ANNETTA JERMYN.—The sample of hair can be matched very readily. A think braid or switch of same will cost you from ten to twenty dollars, for a less price a small one can be had.

NIMON

IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell;
And above it on the vane,
In the sunshine and the rain
Cut in gold St. Peter stands,
With the sky in his two hands,
And all is well!

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell;
You can hear its great heart beat,
Ah! so loud, and wild, and sweet,
As the parson says a prayer
Over happy lovers there;
While all is well!

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell,
Deep and solemn. Hark! again;
Ah! what passion and what pain!
With her hands upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest,
Where all is well!

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell—
A quaint friend that seems to know
All our joys and all our woe;
It is glad when we are wed—
It is sad when we are dead—
And all is well!

WOOING OF WILLIAM AND MELISSA.

BY VIOLET HASTINGS.

I am tired of reading stories about the high and mighty ones of society; and I've said to myself, often and often, "When I write My Novel, the hero shall be none of your 'big-bugs,' but just man in a natural state, which is decent poverty, without any great expectations. He shall not be the elder son, nor the younger son, nor the only son, of "a noble family; nor the nephew of a yellow East Indian who is called upon to die. Nor on the other hand, shall be be lying so low in the mire of poverty as to be in any immediate danger of starving, when he becomes an object of romantic interest to Clara, who is the only child of a millionaire. (I never knew a millionaire in a novel to have more than one child.) And he shall not fall heir to a fortune, nor go to California and make one, before he can marry Clara, either.——I might tell you a great deal more about him; but I must hasten to introduce the hero of my present story—though he is not exactly the kind of hero I should prefer, remember.

Walk forth, O, William Henry Harrison Todd! with thy turned-up pantaloons, and thy merry whistled tunes, and thy smooth face, guiltless of whisker. Seventeen summers had kissed the rosy cheeks of William when he went to work with the widow Loper. What his previous history was, is no concern of mine. He may have "come of a good family," and may have "seen better days," for aught I know or care; but when he went to "crop" with the widow, he had two good suits of every-day clothes, and one for Sunday wear—a pocket-knife, a jew's harp, and some marbles, in his possession.

Mrs. Loper was the owner of a poverty-stricken farm, slenderly stocked, and two pretty daughters, who tended the farm, with such help as could be hired by the year.

"How do you like your cropper?" said Dan Holden to the widow, when she came over one morning to get some potato plantings.

"Well, he's a first-rate hand," said she. 'They all told me I'd be sick of my bargain, when I took him, and to tell the truth, I hadn't much idea myself he'd stick to the contract. You know he's nothin' but a boy, and boys is mighty uncertain. But I don't want a studier hand, nor a more bidable boy about the house, and he's got amazin' judgment for his age, too."

All through the spring and into the summer, William plowed in the widow's fields, which did their best that year; and Melissa Loper was beside him with her hoe, in the homespun frock and calico bonnet, and her home-knit gloves, reaching almost to the dimpled elbows—for Melissa took a great deal of pains to preserve her beautiful skin from tan and sunburn. Seeing her at preaching on Sunday, in her dress of white muslin, or, at winter quilting-frolics, in her pretty, bright merino, you would never have guessed that those fair, shapely hands wielded the hoe from morning till night in "crop time," or picked the long white locks of cotton from the rough burrs in the frosty mornings of October.

"There's a heap of difference in my girls," said the widow Loper. "Ophelia, there, was always kind o' delicate like—never could stand heat nor cold like some girls; but Melissa can just keep her row up with anybody's, and she never stops for rain or shine—so most of the workin' out falls to her share."

I don't know whether Melissa was in her "sphere" or not. It's none of my business, however.

It was about the first of July, and the crop was almost "laid by." Brother Jacob Walker had an appointment for a two-days' meeting at Big Pond Meeting House, and Melissa and Ophelia were starching and ironing with unusual zeal. Thursday night, after William had washed his feet, and was sitting on the edge of the piazza, thoughtfully contemplating the moon, Ophelia came out to get a drink of water, and as she stood for a moment behind the youth, he said with painful hesitation,

"Miss Ophelia, is my pleated shirt ironed?"

"Why yes, William, I starched and ironed it myself. Do you want it?"

"Oh, not now!" turning and fidgeting uneasily on the sanded floor, "I thought I'd go to meetin' Sunday."

"Oh!" said Ophelia. "Well, Melissa and I are going both days."

"Yes, so I 'spose. But I want to finish layin' by that corn Saturday."

"Well, well," said Melissa, when her sister returned to the "big room," where the girls were fluting ruffles by candle-light. "I saw William a-peekin' at the starched clothes to-day, but I didn't know that was it. There! I'd forgot about the necktie I promised to help for him. He'll want it with the pleated shirt."

Sunday morning came, and William, after greasing his shoes and scrubbing his face till it shone, emerged from his room in all the splendor of pleated shirt and blue necktie, along with other Sunday habiliments. Ophelia and Melissa were just going out at the gate, when they were joined by the Phillips girls, and the bevy of country lassies set out for Big Pond Meeting House, at a pace that would have been destruction to a city belle. William waited until they had turned the corner of the lane; then, pulling a full-blown rose and sticking it in his hat, he struck off through the pasture at a rapid rate. And just as the girls were crossing the brook, where it ran from the pasture into the woods, he climbed the fence and overtook them.

"Why, it's William!" said Nancy Phillips. I declare, I didn't know him! How *spruce* he is! He'll soon be a man, too!"

"Miss Melissa," said William, sidling up as she stepped off the log, "can I walk to meetin' with you?"

"No, *sir*."

The girls all laughed, and enjoyed it as only girls can enjoy such a thing; and poor William—alas! he came very near sinking to the ground in shame and grief. His knees trembled, and something seemed to choke him; it might be the blue necktie.

What on earth was the fellow to do? To walk along behind that procession of laughing girls was more than human courage could achieve. There was a path leading off from the main road, which reached the meeting house by a shorter route. William plunged into it, and walked desperately until he was out of sight of the girls. Then he cut straight across "bank, bush and scaur" to the pasture, where the calves were lying in the shade of a hickory tree on the hillside. Then he threw himself down on the fragrant grass and cried. The sweet blue sky that bent over him; the birds that sang and twittered in the hickory boughs; the wandering bees that stopped to swing themselves lazily in the meadow blossoms; the gentle calves that he loved because Melissa petted them—these were the witnesses of his grief.

The next morning Melissa went to milk the cows before sunrise, as was her custom. William usually got through feeding the horses and pigs in time to assist her at the cow-pen. But this morning she met him in the lane returning to the house, and he handed her a folded paper, and passed on. She opened it at the cow-pen, and with some difficulty read the contents:

DIER MELISSY:—This is to ask you why you slited me so, for won thing is sertin—I never giv you ony caus to treat me so, and I Never thought yew would, Melissy. I never None what Truble was til you slited me so, Melissy. I never thot the girl wer Living that could make me shed A tier for her til To-day. You no I Luv you, an' I thot you Luved me, but now I No you don't, nor Never can. I am not Good anuff for you, but no Boddy els will luv you as I hav An do yit, for all you do me so, Melissy. I am yung, but I have got feelings. If you will Writ to me, An tel me your reason for actin as you Did, it mite help mi feelings, of eny thing can. Melissy, I shal soon Bid you a long fare Wel, and leve this country. Ples anser this leter. Your frend Til deth william Henry Harison Todd excus Bad ritin And Spellin.

All that day William plowed in the new cotton ground, and his heart was very heavy, for it was his first sorrow, you see. He saw but little of Melissa that day. But at sunset that evening, as he stood by the gate a moment after feeding the horses, she came out by him, and slipped a paper into his hand, which he immediately went out behind the lot and read. It ran as follows:

DEAR WILLIAM:—What I don I am sorry for, as I never intended to hurt your feelings, but I knew all the Girls would laugh at me, and I knew mother would be mad too, for she is set on me a-havin' Jim Phillips, but I don't lov any body but you, and I am sorry I slited you so, William. I hope you will for giv me, and don't go off, for I think more of you than of any other Person. I hope the time will come when we can injoy one another's company. So no more at present. From your friend til deth. MELISSY LOPER.

After this the course of true love doubtless ran smooth between them, and it is needless to relate what explanations, protestations and reconciliations passed between them in regard to the little trouble that seemed so great. But the Widow Loper's sharp eyes began to spy at the state of affairs, and then there was trouble in earnest.

William was informed that he could be spared, as the crop was made; "and that ain't all," said the widow, "I don't want you a hangin' round after my Melissa any more, and I won't have it neither. Who'd a thought that a triflin' vagabone like you could a kep' company with my girl, that's good enough and smart enough for the nicest young man in the county! It beats all, and I won't have it."—From which we see that she had changed her opinion of him.

William tied up his clothes in a handkerchief and left; but that was not the end of it. His mother, to whose house he went, lived only a few miles away, and he and Melissa met often, at meeting, at singing-school, and, when winter came, at quiltings and candy-pullings, where there was always a dance, and plenty of opportunity for love-making. All the widow's vigilance could not keep them apart, though William was forbidden her premises.

Poor Melissa had a sad life at home. Her mother and sister hardly spoke to her, except to reproach her, or to "poke fun" at her boyish lover; and she was watched and guarded as though she had been a lunatic. But one morning she went to the spring, Ophelia was gone to a neighbor's and her mother was busy trying out lard. She had hardly reached the spring, in the thick clump of alder bushes, when William appeared from the other side of the hollow. The interview was brief, but fond; and when they parted, William went directly to a hollow stump in a thicket to which Melissa had directed him, and took therefrom a bundle, which he straightway conveyed to Squire Phillips. It contained Melissa's white muslin dress and various other articles, and was taken charge of by Mary Phillips, who seemed to be perfectly in the secret, whatever it was.

As Melissa was hurrying back to the house she met her mother who looked very suspiciously at her; but Melissa's face was hidden under her big bonnet.

This was on Tuesday. That night at a late hour, Jim Phillips and Bud Thornton, a cousin of Melissa, left the Widow Todd's armed with the following document written by Squire Phillips:

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, GREETING: This is to certify that I hain't no objection to my son, William Henry Harrison Todd a marryin' Melissa Loper, which he is seventeen years old and wants to and I give my consent and blessing.

EMELINE TODD,
X
Her Mark.

"Mother," said Melissa on Wednesday afternoon, "may I go and stay with the Phillips' girls to-night?"

"Why—well—yes, if you want to," said the widow reflectively. And she thought within herself, "William won't be *there*, for he's jealous of Jim Phillips; and maybe Jim and Melissa will make it up." What she said, as Melissa tied on her bonnet, was "Don't set up all night with Jim, Liss!"

"Why not?" said Liss, tossing her head; and away she went.

The afternoon wore away. Bud Thornton was to be back from Greenville with the marriage license in time to meet Melissa at Squire Phillips' and escort her to Mrs. Todd's, where the wedding was to take place "by early candle-light." For William—I almost blush for my hero, but the truth will prevail—did not steal his bride at all, but let her steal herself for him, and let Bud Thornton get the license, so fearful was he of arousing the suspicions of his future mother-in-law. But an hour after hour passed, and still Bud and Jim did not come, poor William's courage declined at a fearful rate.

"What can be the matter, mother?" he asked time and again, coming mournfully into the kitchen where his mother was baking "pound-cake."

"Why, just as like as not both them boys is got drunk, and don't know no more what they went after than nothin," answered Mrs. Todd, who was great at comforting people in distress. It was not so very late, indeed; but to tell the truth William had been looking for them ever since sunrise, though it was impossible for them even to have reached Greenville by that time, as they had slept at Mr. Thornton's and only started "at first chicken-crow."

"Well," said William at last, "I'm going over to Mr. Thornton's, and see if Bud has come there, and if he hain't I reckon we'll give it up."

Once started, his anxiety seemed to spur him into desperate activity, and he fairly "loped" over the ground. Mr. Thornton was in his front yard, as William came up, panting and breathless.

"Have you seen anything of Bud, sir?"

"Why no," said Mr. Thornton, "I didn't know as he'd come back this way. It's time he was getting along anyway, though. Come in—he'll be along after a while."

"Oh, I don't know what to do," faltered William, almost crying. "Mr. Thornton, it does seem as like I have the worst luck of anybody. I reckon me and Melissa better give out tryin' to marry."

"Oh no—don't get out of heart for a little trouble like this. Where's the fun of running away, if you don't have any difficulties to make it exciting?"

At this moment Bud came galloping up the lane. "Hello, William!" he exclaimed, "I've been hunting you for the last three-quarters of an hour! Been to your mother's and everywhere else. Put out, man, if you're going to get married to-night. You ought to be home now with your duds on." I've got the license all right."

"I thought you wasn't coming," said William, incontinently darting down the lane.

"Leak out!" exhorted Bud, "I'll get a fresh horse, and have the girl there by dark."

William was out of sight by this time. He hadn't his pleated shirt on, for he didn't want to muss it up before he was sure of success; and now he shuddered at the thought that Bud, and the Squire, and Melissa, and all, would be coming in before he was in a proper state to be married. He went on and on, breathless, but resolute. He took a short cut through the field by Farmer Briggs'—whose family, just sitting down to an early supper, were startled by the thump, thump, thump, of hurrying feet down the road.

"Who's that a ridin' by?" said Granny Briggs.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed her daughter, looking out. "Taint nobody ridin, only jest William Henry a runnin' like lightnin'."

"Somebody's sick or somethin'—What's the matter, William?"

"It's—it's—all right now, I reckon," was the lucid reply.

There was a wide muddy branch to cross on shakey foot-poles. There was no time for fooling—he went right in and forded it. The sound his feet going splash, splash and spatter, through the slush and water, was heard at farmer Briggs. "He stopped not for brake and he stayed not for stone"—and he reached his mother's before the sun was out of sight.

When the Squire, Jim, Bud, Melissa and the Phillips girls arrived, at dark, William Henry was arrayed in his starched shirt, blue necktie, and all other adjuncts necessary for making an appearance; and his delight broke out in occasional snickers of enthusiasm, which caused his mother to look suspiciously at him, and to wonder "if William Henry had taken a dram."

Squire Phillips tied the knot, and the Widow Loper knew nothing about it till the next morning. She was mad then, and no mistake; but it's not in human nature that such things can last always. So she got over it by and by, and took William for a cropper again—which he is to this day.

DELMONICO'S RESTAURANTS.

There are in the city of New York four restaurants belonging to the Delmonico family: three down town in the dense financial quarter, and the up-town or society place, where I am now, presumedly. Two of the down-town restaurants are in Broad street,—one next to the Stock Exchange, the other nearer the Produce Exchange and shipping offices; a third in Broadway, nearly as far down as Trinity Church, among the insurance offices and lawyers. The rents for four buildings I should guess to be $100,000 a year, a prodigious sum. I hear that $30,000 is the rent up town, the tenants fitting up the building besides. The price of living at down-town Delmonico's is no greater than at Price's or Prosser's or Green's, or any other Philadelphia restaurant. You get a beef or lobster salad at the counter for twenty cents, a tart for ten cents, a beef steak for sixty. But you can never surprise the firm with any order. If you should say, "I want a giraffe on toast for four hundred people this afternoon," the modest assent of a nod would be the reply; the giraffe would die. Nor would you, probably, have to present any credentials to have the order fulfilled. The Delmonicos never press business in the midst of appetite. Some say they never send bills to customers until requested. They are not hucksters of food; they are artists.

The real Delmonico palace is at Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth street, between the St. James, the Brunswick and the Worth Hotels. It was formerly at Fourteenth street and Fifth Avenue, but that fell below the axis of cross-town society. Although they owned a part of the valuable property, it was plain that locality was the only law of America. So they moved up town at prodigious sacrifice and expense.

As we entered Delmonico's on this occasion we found a large parlor, carpeted with Brussels in a small brown figure, and supplied picturesquely but fully with tables of various sizes. I recognized several Philadelphians at once, many of whom live over here half the time. The large windows and mirror frames were of plain, solid mahogany; the windows were of plate glass; the wall paper was French, the ceiling painted, and a few flowers were the ornaments. No waiters competed for the stranger; you placed your hat where you wished, and heard nothing but subdued and indistinguishable conversation.

The people present were neatly, not loudly dressed; probably one hundred were dining. The bill of fare was as large as your hand, in a small walnut frame with a handle. Prices were annexed to all dishes; the wine card was on the opposite side. Although the house had every known variety of wine, the list paraded was smaller than at a country railway dining hotel. We had twelve oysters, soup of asparagus *puree*, with a few small morsels of dry toast, a Spanish omelet, a canvas back duck and jelly, a pint of claret and a pint of Mumm, coffee with boiled cream, Brie cheese and two glasses of Benedictine. The bill was about nine dollars. The duck, although in but two cuts, was three dollars.

"What is the most expensive entertainment you ever gave?" I asked.

"Sir Morton Peto's dinner. The bill was about $15,000 for 200 guests. But we have had smaller entertainments more costly per capita. We have paid Tiffany $20 apiece for bills of fare alone, executed by artists as souvenirs."

"Are your prices higher than at the best foreign restaurants? Which are the best restaurants now?"

"The Cafe Anglais is probably the best in Paris. The prices are about the same."

"Where do you market?"

"At both Washington and Fulton markets. They are the best in the world for quality and variety."

He further said that the French were the best waiters; the best of these went where they received the best wages and gratuities.

"I suppose this place is operated at great expense?"

"Yes. We have about 190 employes."

"How does the art of cooking and making dishes develop? Who discovers them? Who leads the world as cook?"

"The best cook now living, I suppose, is ——, who is employed by the German Emperor. Cooking is an old science—a large library in itself. I have probably one hundred works on meats, sauces, etc., some of them very expensive and rare. Great cooks are paid like any other masters; they study the nutritious and flavoring qualities of nature's growth, and it goes to a perfect science."

"Do foreign visitors give you as great patronage as Americans?"

"No, sir; Americans with the means desire the best of everything. They know the best, too."

The greatest king, Caligula himself, might live in this place and need nothing. Some beefsteaks, say a Chateaubriand, cost $4. Capons with truffles and sauce Goddard mark high up on the list.—*Gath, in Philadelphia Times.*

PATIENCE.—Nothing in the world teaches patience like a garden. You may go around and watch the opening bud from day to day; but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only uprooted and destroyed. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly and surely progressive.

SCIENTIFIC.

STIBNITE, the native sulphide of antimony, is still employed, as in the days of remote antiquity, by Asiatic females for painting their eyebrows and eyelids. It is known in the bazaars of Hindostan as "surma;" the substance sold under this name is, however, often galena, or sulphide of lead, and sometimes consists of ores of manganese or iron.

THE relative root-growths of the Scotch fir, spruce fir, and silver fir have been experimentally studied in Germany by Professor Nobbe, who finds that the first year's root-product of the Scotch fir is about six times as great as that of the spruce fir, and twelve times as great as that of the silver fir. This explains the superior adaptability of the Scotch fir to sterile and sandy soils, as well as the difficulty of transplanting it, arising from the quantity of roots, which cannot easily be removed whole.

ACCORDING to Dr. Richardson, in his lecture on certain occupations injurious to health and life, it appears that apoplexy, paralysis, insanity and various other serious diseases are producable in artisans by contact with injurious substances and vapors, especially that of lead, which affects not only the workingman using it, but also his offspring. Cleanliness and care, in this as in similar instances, will of course greatly mitigate the mischief in question, but still the startling fact remains, that, of the men exposed to the vapors of lead, the deaths are 38 per cent. in excess of ordinary mortality.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited among scissors manufacturers by the recent discovery, by a Sheffield artisan, of a means of entirely dispensing with skilled labor in the production of scissors blades. At present, as is well known, the process of forging is one requiring considerable skill and time. But in this case, the inventor, by an adaptation of existing machinery, completes the operation of making scissors blades from the sheet of steel, by the aid of a boy or girl. The blank is "filed," the bow cut, and the blade shaped, without the intervention of a skilled hand, at twenty times the speed at which they are at present produced by hand forging. It is stated that in point of quality these machine-made blades have been pronounced by manufacturers to be in every respect admirable.

THE oldest pieces of iron (wrought iron) now known are probably the sickle blade found by Belzonia under the base of a sphinx in Karnac, near Thebes; the blade found by Colonel Vyse imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid; the portion of a cross-cut saw exhumed at Nimrod by Mr. Layard, all of which are now in the British Museum. A wrought bar of Damascus steel was presented by King Porus to Alexander the Great, and the razor steel of China for many centuries has surpassed all European steel in temper and durability of edge. The Hindoos appear to have made wrought iron directly from the ore, without passing it through the furnace, from time immemorial, and elaborately wrought masses of iron are still found in India, which date from the early centuries of the Christian era.

IT has been a question with marksmen whether the recoil of a pistol or rifle occurred before the ball left the bore. Many have contended that it did not, and that the tendency of a pistol to "throw up" did not affect its accuracy. The recent experiment seems to have shown conclusively that the recoil occurs before the ball leaves the bore and does affect its direction. The experiment was this: A rifle barrel, twelve inches long for convenience, was secured to a solid bed in such a way as to prevent any movement but that of recoil directly to the rear and upward. In this situation it was fired a number of times and the balls followed each other into the same hole in the target. An incline or wedge was then made fast upon the bed at the rear of the barrel in such a way that the breech would be raised as it slid back in the recoil. Fired under these conditions, it sent the balls lower than before. This showed that the recoil and subsequent elevation of the breech occurred in season to affect the direction of the ball, that is, before it had left the bore. Of course the length of the barrel has an effect in several ways upon the degree in which the recoil affects the accuracy of the shooting.

THE agents of M. Mobel, the inventor of nitro-glycerine, have lately found a novel use for dynamite in grape culture, which suggests further possibilities. The explosive was not used for its chemical effect, but in a purely mechanical way, literally to "shake up" the earth and allow the free percolation of water and the access of air to the roots of the vines. To this end holes were made in the soil about ten feet in depth, and at points where no roots of the vines were likely to be injured. Then cartridges of dynamite were introduced and exploded, and the result was that, for the entire depth noted, the earth was made loose and friable. The ground, in short, was not only rendered in better condition than could have been effected by plow and harrow; but every phylloxera, so the writer says; on the roots of the vines was killed. The quantity of dynamite used is not stated, but it is likely to have been but small, just enough to shake the soil without blowing up the vines. It seems to us that the use of dynamite in agricultural operations need not stop here. Instead of breaking up old pasture lands with the plow with great labor, the farmer might bore holes here and there, drop dynamite cartridges, blow them up, and in a second find his soil loosened and all noxious worms and insects therein destroyed. Dynamite, however, is a dangerous material, and hardly one of which to counsel the indiscriminate use; but nevertheless it might prove a profitable venture for engineers and powder and nitro-glycerine manufacturers, and others who may safely and lawfully be trusted with the explosive, to offer their services in breaking up land for farmers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GREEN YOUTH, (Ohio).—If the card of a lady unknown to you is given to you by her sister, it gives no reason for sending your card in return, unless the exchange was requested by the unknown lady.

"DIXIE," (Goodman, Miss.)—A quantity of coal tar mixed in the earth or stones at the foundation of the hearth would probably prevent rats from burrowing there. Some mix broken and pounded glass with the mortar and earth or stones.

A FRIEND, (Bowling Green, Ky.) asks for a good short inscription for an engagement ring, Latin or otherwise. For a single word, "Semper," meaning ever, would be appropriate. "Cum corde," with the heart, or "Ad finem," to the end, would answer the purpose.

G. WILSON, (Nelsonville, Mo).—The Boston Port Bill was an act passed by the English Parliament in 1774, forbidding the entrance of all vessels into that harbor. It was done as a punishment for the insubordination of the inhabitants particularly because of their resistance to the tax on tea and their destruction of the cargoes which were attempted to be forced on them.

WILSON EDWARDS, (Locust Grove, Ga.)—Birdlime is an adhesive preparation used for catching small birds. It can be bought at most bird stores. Any substance that is very sticky and does not dry or harden too quickly will answer the purpose. Common linseed oil boiled until it is thick makes very good bird-lime. The substance is smeared on sticks or places where the birds are expected to perch, and on alighting they are held by the bird-lime.

IDA S. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Country "scrapple" is prepared from the coarse scraps of meat taken from the head and other parts of swine, which are cleansed and boiled, as in making head-cheese. A quantity of Indian meal is added, and the whole is thoroughly cooked together. It is, we think, an excellent dish for chickens, dogs and cats, if they will eat it. A few persons, however, relish it, and they are welcome to our share.

"MAP," (Illinois).—It is not certain that a man intends breach of promise merely because no letter has been received from him for the last three months. Many circumstances may have prevented him from communicating with you. If it should be proved that he has really broken his promise of marriage, suit can be brought for damages, but this would be of no avail if he has no property. He cannot be compelled to fulfill the engagement, or prevented from marrying another.

TOMMY GRAHAM.—The highest or rather the longest tree in this country of which we have any account is in the Yosemite Valley, California. It lies upon the ground, extending a distance of 300 feet, the top being broken off and decayed. From its size, measuring by the usual proportions of such trees it must have stood 450 feet high. Several trees in the neighborhood measure over 300 feet in height. The highest spire in America will be that of the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, New York, 432 feet high.

S. S. (Bowen's Mills, Mich.)—Kerosene oil is distilled from Petroleum or "Rock Oil" as it is sometimes called. The crude oil contains many substances which must be removed before the oil is fit for domestic use. The oil wells were first discovered by the overflow of oil upon a creek. The headquarters of the substance were sought by boring, and when discovered the business of sinking oil wells progressed with amazing rapidity. The wells are of different depths, depending upon the situation of the vein below, which may be one hundred or one thousand feet beneath the surface.

W. F. JONES, (Lockwood, Mich.)—Nearly all the languages spoken in Europe and in countries settled by Europeans were once one common language, called the Aryan. The original people who spoke this language once lived in the middle parts of Asia. Colonies went out from this section to different parts of Asia and Europe, and in process of time their language gradually changed in form until those of different sections came to be almost wholly diverse. Besides the Aryan group of languages, philologists recognize the Semitic group, including the Jewish, Phoenician, Syraic and Arabic, and there are other tongues apparently derived from neither of these sources, whose origin can not as yet be definitely fixed.

EDWARD SMITH, (Memphis, Tenn.)—The Metric System of weights and measures was first introduced into France. It has been adopted by other nations and seems likely to become universal, as it is the most complete, simple and convenient system yet devised. The unit of length, is the *metre* which is calculated to be the ten millionth part of the distance from the pole to the equator. Other measures for surface, volume, capacity and weight, are all derived from the metre, and all denominations increase by tens as in our Federal Currency. For a complete description of the system and its working, see "The Universal Metric System," by Alfred Colin, M. E., published by D. Appleton & Co.

G. W. CLYDE, (Little Spring, Ark.)—Hunters and trappers use various preparations as bait or lures for attracting animals by scent to their traps. Different animals are fond of different strong smelling substances, and each trapper usually keeps his preparations secret. Fish oil is very effective as a lure for many animals as foxes, otter, mink, muskrat, etc. It is prepared by cutting up eels, trout, or any other small fish into very small pieces; these are placed in a bottle loosely corked and exposed to the summer sun two or three weeks. The oil exudes from the flesh and may be bottled for use. Drops of it are to be sprinkled along the paths leading to the traps. A mixture of musk, assafœtida, oil of anise and fish oil is strongly recommended by experienced trappers. It is very strong-smelling and but little is needed for making the trails.

LENA (New B., Michigan) writes, 1st—"A young gentleman requested me to meet him at the depot, where he would have a moment to bid me good-bye, as he was about to leave this country. Was it proper for me to accompany him a few miles in the train, when I was not an intimate associate, and only sixteen years of age?" Decidedly improper. If he was not an intimate acquaintance, you should not have accepted his invitation to meet him at the depot. You can not be too careful of avoiding the appearance of evil. 2d—"I am soon to reside in another town, where there is a young gentleman with whom I am slightly acquainted. Shall I ask him to call, or wait until he calls of his own accord?" If he be a suitable companion, it is not improper when you meet him to invite him to call, but you should not seek him in order to give the invitation. Gentlemen do not usually value attentions which are pressed on them, and think lightly of those who appear anxious, forward or importunate. 3d—Do not attempt to change the color of your hair; any preparation for the purpose would be injurious. 4th—To teach music would not be degrading to you, but honorable, especially as you are not obliged to teach. You can give pleasure to others, as well as enjoy yourself, and this is more honorable than to remain idle and useless. 5th—The value of a picture can only be judged of by actual examination. We could only give a guess from a description, unless it were painted by some well-known artist, whose fame would give it special value.